

## BIG JANUARY

### Mark Down Sale Of Clothing

#### Men's, Boys' and Children's Winter Clothes

Marked way down below cost to close out to make room for Spring Goods.

This is a genuine Mark Down Sale where you can save money as we are over stocked with heavy goods.

Also a great line of Men's and Boy's Sweaters, marked way down, all sizes.

Don't fail to attend this sale, and save money.

## W. H. FAY,

3 Congress St., - - Portsmouth.

Highest in Quality.

Lowest in Price.

The Banner

Which has made each succeeding year our banner year. Our customers appreciate it for it makes them dollars

Best Fancy Vermont Creamery Butter.....	27c
Best Full Cream Cheese, mild or strong, lb.....	16c
Fresh New Laid Eggs, dozen.....	28c
Best Salt Pork, backs, lb.....	10c
North's Best Lard, lb.....	16c

## AMES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,

35 Congress St., Portsmouth.

26 Branch Stores in New England.

## 100 PAIRS MEN'S SHOES

OUR REGULAR \$3.00 AND \$3.50 SHOES MARKED DOWN TO

# \$2.49.

GREAT VALUES.

The White Shoe Store,

## Duncan & Storer

5 MARKET ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

## SIGNAL MAIL BOXES

For Rural Mail Service --- Prices \$1.50, \$2.25 and \$2.75 Each.

THESE ARE THE ONLY MAIL BOXES APPROVED BY THE U. S. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

## A. P. Wendell & Co.,

2 MARKET SQUARE

## \$100,000 FIRE

### Big Blaze at the Naval Training Station

#### SEVEN BUILDINGS WENT UP IN FIRE AND SMOKE

Historic Frigate, Constellation Threatened With Destruction

ANNOYING "DETENTION BUILDING" NOW OUT OF THE WAY

Newport, R. I., Jan. 29.—Seven buildings connected with the United States naval training station at Coaster's Harbor Island in this city were destroyed by fire Saturday night, causing an estimated loss of \$100,000. The buildings destroyed were the detention building, machine shop, paint shop, paymaster's storehouse, carpenter shop and two small storehouses.

The fire was discovered about 9.30 o'clock by a sentry who in passing the machine shop adjoining the detention building smelled smoke. The alarm was given and all the apprentice boys, 1500 in number, members of the detachment of marines and enlisted men answered the call to quarters.

By the time a bucket brigade had been formed the flames had leaped to the detention building, a brick structure two stories high and about 120 by fifty feet dimensions.

The work of the brigade was of no avail as a strong northwest wind sprang up and threatened to carry the flames to nearly every quarter of the reservation. Aid from the city was then asked and apparatus responded, covering the two and a half miles between the city and the station in remarkably quick time.

All of the smaller storehouses and shops about the detention building were of wooden construction and fell an easy prey to the fire.

The apprentices, marines and enlisted men under command of Commander Sawyer, the commandant at the station, gave the firemen great assistance. When it was discovered that a bucket brigade could not cope with the flames the men were ordered to devote their energies to saving property.

At this time the paymaster's office and storehouse were burning fiercely, but the men and boys managed to make their way into the building and remove many of the stores. The safe was opened by the paymaster and all the money and official documents were removed and placed under a guard of marines.

One of the burned buildings contained all of the small boats and cutters used for practice purposes at the station. These boats had been hauled from the water when winter set in and had been stored in one of the buildings. All were destroyed.

Several apprentices were confined in the detention building at the time the fire broke out. All were in hand-kirby liberated them by a heroic effort. When he reached the detention building the smoke nearly blinded him. He could not see the young prisoners, but they answered his call. Supported by a line of men, Kirby made his way to the spot where the boys were confined and passed them back to the men behind him onto the sea.

**Porta Dessert**  
Add to your table boiling water, the result will be a dessert you ever tasted. Every package. Better than gelatine. Five to a package. Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, and thousands of others. Are easily made by the use of High School pupils. Beautiful table decoration. Different flavors. Order from Grocers, 10 cts.

wall. In passing over the sea wall two of the manacled boys fell overboard, but were immediately rescued. They were sent to barracks for the rest of the night.

For a time the famous old frigate Constellation, which is used as a practice ship at the station, was in danger of destruction, but prompt work on the part of the firemen saved the old ship. A shift of the wind a few minutes later removed all danger.

The fire fighting forces were increased during the night by details from the torpedo station and from the naval war college.

The destruction of the detention building has solved a problem at the station. For some time it has not been used to a great extent and was employed as a hospital during the recent epidemic of spinal meningitis. One naval board condemned the structure and recommended that it be destroyed. Later another board recommended that it be used as a machine shop.

### KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Our Regular Correspondent

Kittery, Jan. 29.

At the regular meeting of the Epworth League connected with the Second Methodist Church last evening, the following officers were appointed for the ensuing six months by the pastor, Rev. Sylvester Hooper:

President, Mrs. U. G. Swett;  
First Vice President, Miss Eleanor Lovell;  
Second Vice President, Mrs. A. L. Rundlett;  
Third Vice President, Mrs. George Remick;  
Fourth Vice President, Miss Emily Shaw;  
Treasurer, Miss Millie Damon;  
Secretary, Mrs. Frank Horrocks.

The Busy Bee Sewing Club, which has been recently formed, was entertained on Saturday afternoon by Mrs. James Plaisted on Woodlawn avenue. There were present ten of the members, and a most delightful afternoon was theirs to enjoy. Miss Lillian Young of Portsmouth was present, and furnished music to the enjoyment of the company. Refreshments of fancy cakes, jelly and cream and nutted dates were served. Each little miss was presented with a yard stick made with ribbon, which much delighted them. The pleasures of the afternoon will long linger in the minds of the Busy Bees.

James R. Philbrick, who has been confined to his home for several days, the result of a recent fall, is out again, which his friends are pleased to learn.

Rehearsal of the chorus this evening in the parlors of the Second Christian Church and it is hoped every member will be present.

School house and lot No. 5 is again offered for sale, and bids will be received and opened Jan. 30 at seven o'clock p. m. at the residence of J. R. Philbrick.

This cold wave will make the skating at Clarkson's Pond, Kittery Point, fine; try it.

Miss Anna Hubbard has returned from Deerfield, N. H., where she has been the guest of relatives for two weeks past.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams have returned from a fortnight's visit to Portland.

Miss Mollie Flynn of South Berwick was calling on friends in town Saturday.

### WAS FROM PORTLAND

Met Death While on His Way to This City

The colored man killed by freight No. 250 at Wells Beach on Friday night is said to have been Herbert Watson of Portland. Watson left his work in that city on Friday and was coming to this place when he met his death between the cars.

### NOTICE

Boston Globe Readers: Please save your unpledged votes for me. I need them. Votes will reach me through any High School pupil.

GEORGE T. RANN,  
New Broad Street.

## DON'T PAY EXPENSES

### Customs Districts Where the Collection is All Out-go

#### THE PORT OF PORTSMOUTH IS ONE OF THEM

Washington, D. C., Jan. 29.—If Chairman Payne of the ways and means committee persuades Congress to pass his bill consolidating customs collection districts, it will put fourteen offices in New England out of business. This bill, just reported to the House, places the power "to discontinue or consolidate ports and sub-ports" with the President. Mr. Payne includes a list of fifty-one collection districts where expenses exceed receipts.

The five Massachusetts ports in the list are Barnstable, where two employees were paid \$3,532.42 for collecting \$438.80; Edgartown, Nantucket, where there were no collections by the one official, who was paid \$370.55; Plymouth and Salem.

The Portsmouth office is in the list, as are these eight in Maine: Castine, Ellsworth, Kennebunk, Machias, Saco, Waldoboro, Wiscasset and York.

It looks as if the bill would pass the House, but the New England senators will probably kill it.

## IN SUPERIOR COURT

### Trial Of Cases To Be Resumed Today

#### FIRST CASE WILL CONCERN PROBATE COURT RECORD

The session of the January term of court at Exeter will be resumed before Judge Wallace this afternoon at two o'clock.

The first case to be taken up is that of Gardner vs. Pike, No. 618, concerning a disputed probate record. This is expected to take up a full day.

The case of Gile vs. Smith, No. 639, regarding a promissory note, is next to be taken up.

On Wednesday morning the court will deal with the case of Waugh vs. the Boston and Maine railroad. This is a Derry suit consequent to the killing of a dog, said to have been run over by a train.

### DIED

In Boston, Jan. 27, John T. Treadwell, aged sixty-seven years, a native of this city.

### OGUNQUIT

What is Doing in the Maine Coast Town

Ogunquit, Jan. 29.

John Jacobs improved the warm weather of last week; he was ploughing nearly all day Wednesday and found no frost.

At the Grange meeting on Jan. 20, nine candidates were voted on favorably and were taken in at a special meeting on Saturday evening.

An entertainment and apron sale was held at the Christian Church vestry on Friday evening, Jan. 26; a supper was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Maxwell have the sympathy of their many friends in the loss of their youngest daughter, Isabel, on Saturday, aged three years; she had been sick a week with pneumonia.

The ladies of the Methodist Church will serve a chicken pie supper in the vestry on the evening of Jan. 31, from six to eight o'clock; if stormy that evening, the first fair evening following.

Hives, eczema, itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment cures the most obstinate cases. Why suffer. All druggists sell it.

## GEORGE B. FRENCH CO.

### Weather Conditions Cause These Prices

AND AS A RESULT OF SUCH EXTREME MILDNESS YOU WILL NOTICE IN OUR WINDOW SOME MOST ASTOUNDING LOW PRICES ON ---

## LONG AND SHORT COATS, SUITS, SKIRTS, WAISTS AND FINE FURS.

Take a Look at Our Show Window and See Other Bargains Inside --- See the Samples of Price Cutting in the Window.

### A Few Excellent Muffs at Prices That Are Matchless.

1 lot that were 5.00, 1 lot that were 9.25, 1 lot that were 12.98.....now 3.98, now 6.98, now 10.00

### Some of the Best Fur Neckwear Worth Reading About and All Furs of Our Offering Are Reliable, including Flat and Round Wear, Strictly Correct.

Scarfs that were 6.50, that were 15.75, that were 10.00.....now 3.98, now 10.50, now 6.50  
Sets of Collar and Muff, superior quality, that were 15.75, now.....10.75  
One Set Very Choice Japanese Mink, really worth 33.75 for.....28.75

These Only Indicate the Bargains in Our Fur Department, with Many Like Good Values Within.

### Suits, Coats and Waists --- In a General Way from 3.00 to 15.00 Saved on Every Suit.

Long Black Coats, good all the year round, were 11.98, were 21.75, this last a Blue Coat and very handsome.....now 7.75, now 15.00, now 12.50  
Short Jackets in Black, regular price 8.50, your choice.....5.00  
Plaided Silk Waists, worth 8.50, now.....5.00

It will interest you to see other Waists of like reduced prices, in Flannel, Madras and Silk.

Eider Down House Sacques, only.....79c

## Only a Few Days Left for These January Prices.



# DECATUR FAMILY

## Article Tells Of It At Some Length

### ITS FOUNDING AND RECORD ARE DEALT WITH

The magazine section of the Boston Sunday Herald of Jan. 28 has an interesting article on the Decatur family. According to this article it is a family tradition that there must always be a Stephen Decatur in the United States navy and the records show that an officer of that name has fought in every naval war of the Republic, except that between the sections.

The family was founded in America by Stephen Decatur, an officer of the French navy, who came to this country with a squadron on a cruise, fell in love with an American girl, gave up his commission and married her.

He was a privateer commander during the revolution and for his services was made an officer of the infant American navy. His son, the second Stephen Decatur, was the hero of Tripoli and of the war with Algiers and a veteran of the War of 1812. He was killed in a duel with Commodore James Barron in 1820. His opponent was wounded in the hip, according to Decatur's expressed intention before the duel.

Commodore Decatur had no sons, but a nephew was named for him and became the second Commodore Stephen Decatur a distinguished officer, forced, however, to retire from the navy in the forties because of the failure of his eyes. A son named Stephen Decatur died when but a child, soon after the breaking out of the Civil War. That the name might not be lost, it was legally conferred upon a second son, William Beverly Decatur. This fourth bearer of the famous name married a granddaughter of Ichabod Goodwin of Portsmouth, was governor of New Hampshire, and a descendant of Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary. Decatur made his home in this city and it was here that his son Stephen Decatur, fifth, was born.

Stephen Decatur, fourth, served in the navy during the war with Spain, holding the rank of lieutenant. He was at the naval battle of Santiago and was present when that city was surrendered by the Spanish commander.

Accompanying the article in the Boston Herald of Sunday are pictures of the five men who have borne the name of Stephen Decatur.

# DEATH OF WARDEN

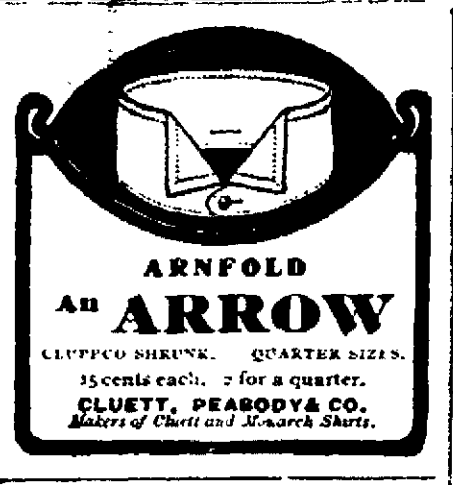
## Recalls Story Of A Hampton Falls Murderer

It was during the wardenship at the state prison of the late Joseph Mayo that the murderer, Josiah L. Pike, who was sentenced by the court in this city, was hanged on November 3, 1869.

Hon. Henry Robinson, the historian of the prison, thus refers to the execution:

"Pike's last days were tedious of roses, and he was ushered out of life with a surge of sentimental gush that scandalized the state and aroused the stinging sarcasm of Mark Twain on our effeminacy. Women were allowed to make a fool of Pike. They prayed and sang with him, and held his hands, and patted his cheeks, and entwined his hand with their soft fingers and fed him on confections, jellies, and other dainties too delicious for home consumption, until Pike, although he was the fiendish butcher of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown of Hampton Falls, a defenceless old man and woman, imagined himself a saintly hero, whose death at the end of the hangman's rope was to be the loss to a martyrdom. He seemed to be the especial pride and delight of some ministers' wives and daughters and yet, nevertheless, one fine day he had to turn his back on their profusion of pink and blue and hyacinths, and to leave his cell with its wealth of blue-bell and carnation, the copious contributions of his given devotions, had to say good-by to his charming and fearful visitors, and face alone the dreadful fact of death—forced to jump this band and shawl of time into eternity, as a penalty with his hands stained with the life blood of innocent fellow creatures.

"When he was 'shuffled off,' a change was made in the prison management, and murderers have not since been allowed ovals there.



Our have been left in the strictest solitude possible. But Pike's execution was a shocking spectacle. The newspapers made only brief mention of it, but the people who saw it were amazed at the long and when the drop fell the foot of the condemned man struck with great force against the pavement below and he had to be pulled up and slung to death.

# THE MAGAZINES

**Everybody's**  
"Frenzied Finance" Mr. Lawson's remarkable history of financial crimes closes with a bang in the February Everybody's. It is not unlikely that this installment, with its brilliant side lights on the story of Day State Gas, its candidly humorous description of that marvel of financial jugglery, a "voluntary association," its unforgettable pen portraits of those eminent personalities, J. Edward Addicks and George Wharton Pepper, will be considered the most fascinating Mr. Lawson has ever written.

Do you believe in government ownership of railroads? There may be reasons for and against this system in Germany, according to Charles Edward Russell's brilliant narrative, "Soldiers of the Common Good." It is an unqualified success. The story of Von Maybach, the man with the jaw like a snow plow, who alone secured railroad ownership for Germany makes a narrative that no thoughtful citizen can well afford to miss.

The most interesting monarch in the world today is Alfonso XIII, of Spain, that picturesque boy king who is about to be married to a Princess of Battenberg. Vance Thompson tells his life story. Hartley Davis, in his second article, "Reporters of Today," relates adventures of newspaper men all over the United States.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Stake and the Plumb-Line," a novelette in two parts, begins in this number and is sure to attract wide attention. Rex E. Beach's powerful Alaskan novel, "The Spoilers" has an exciting installment; Chester Bailey Fernald has a highly dramatic story of a father and son, called "The Boy"; Wallace Irwin's impressive story in verse "How Much Do You Pay?" is one of the most notable contributions to this successful number; and the usual delectable maintain their interest.

# Woman's Home Companion

In the Woman's Home Companion for February, Charlotte Perkins Gilman reviews the advance and the present status of woman in a strong way, "Good Tidings of Women." Other features are the illustrated articles, "Wild Animals of the Stage," "The Carnival Queens of the South" and "Dog Heroes of St. Bernard"; "Home Cataloging," by Fannie Merrill Farmer; "Smart Frocks for the Little Folks," by Grace Margaret Gould; "Alibans—Artistic and Comical," by Helen Marvin; "The Secret of the Open Fireplace," by Samuel Howe; "Suggestions for a College Boy's Room," by Evelyn Parsons; "In Honor of St. Valentine," by William Baynes Griffin, with abundant material for the festivals of the month; "Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays and St. Valentine's Day," the fiction list includes, "Adam and Eve," "The Making of Alderman Brockton," "To Oblige the Prince," "Unknown Territory," "Barney and Nora," and "The Trail of the Billy Boy."

# McClure's

The story of important movements and of good, healthy conduct are the dominant parts of McClure's in February. There is the case of George Cook, "The Gentleman from Essex," told by Lincoln Steffens with all of the lively effort of a satirist and youth. Ray Stannard Baker, contrasting the "The Railroads on Trial" and the action-shing story of a woman, through the prison, on the occasion of the trial, in connection with the case of America. Then the story of a woman of honest shippers, against a point. An editorial under the title "Naked Woman," tells of a woman in a little light on the subject of public making methods of the life insurance companies. Accompanying this editorial is one under the euphemistic heading "And so, not."

Always Remember the Full Name  
**Laxative Bromo Quinine**  
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days  
On every box 25c

euphemistic because it teaches every citizen how it is only by exercising his judgment constantly in politics, in the court of law, and in private life, that the best interests of the country can be conserved.

But in addition to these vital themes, the number contains articles of scientific and general interest and fiction which meets the McClure requirement of excellence. Anthony Fiala, the Arctic explorer, who, after his friends had given him up for dead, was found and brought back to civilization, tells the story of his two years fight against the North, shipwrecked and imprisoned above the 81st degree. Carl Schurz continues the fourth installment of his "Kommunism as a Long Life."

"The Day of Precious Penalties" by Marion Hill; "Old Bernstein and the great Faddi" by Ernest Poole; "The Praying Skipper" by Ralph D. Palmer; the second story of the "Arctom Night" series by Stewart Edwina White; and "Wild Waters" by Lloyd Osbourne furnish strong interest for fiction lovers.

# A Tom Watson's Article

"Yes, yes," answered Jacob Schiff, Secretary Shaw, and practically every banker in the country.

"Not so," replies Albert Griffin, of Topeka, Kas., author of "The House Pocus Money Book." In an article in the forthcoming February number of Tom Watson's Magazine, written long before Mr. Schiff's recent speech, "We want stable money, a stable currency—not one that fluctuates." Mr. Griffin shows that while in 1888 the bankers drew interest on \$3.41 of loans for every dollar of loanable capital they owned, yet by 1905 they had managed to draw interest on \$256.80 of loans for every dollar of loanable capital belonging to them. In 1888 they had \$1,700,000,000 more deposits than they had cash to pay with, and in 1905 they had \$7,300,000,000 more deposits than cash—an increase of over five and one-half billions of bank-lodger, "pocus pocus" money. Do you see why they want some "elastic" bank notes? Read Mr. Griffin's article and learn why.

# IS APPROVED

Rear Admiral Converse's Plan For First Naval Reserve

Secretary Bonaparte has approved the plan of Rear Admiral Converse, chief of the bureau of navigation, for the establishment of the first reserve of naval vessels. This will consist for the next few months of the Massachusetts, Texas, Oregon, Brooklyn and Olympia, all of which are to go out of commission before July 1. On that date the monitors Arkansas, Florida and Nevada will also go out of commission. These vessels while in reserve will be manned only by enough men to keep them in good condition.

While all of these vessels will receive repairs the principal work to be done is on the Massachusetts and Oregon, which will receive new batteries, electric instead of hydraulic machinery, new boilers and modern ammunition supply systems.

# A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Hemorrhoids, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, etc.—are cured by the use of the PILE OINTMENT. It is a sure cure in 10 days.

# LAW LIBRARY FOR SALE

That Of Late Chief Justice Blodgett To Be Disposed Of

Circular letters have been received in this city announcing for sale the law library of the late Chief Justice Blodgett.

# ORDERED TO REPORT

Major Harry Taylor, Corps of Engineers, is ordered to report in person to Col. Charles R. Smith, president of the examining board at the Army Building, New York, for examination for his fitness for the duties of a major of the corps of engineers.

# COLGATE A HOODOO

Colgate again proved a hoodoo for Portsmouth on Saturday evening, defeating the crack basketball team of the latter college at Hanover by two to twenty-seven. It was their month's first defeat by a college team.

# NOT TIME ENOUGH FOR LOWELL

The public debate between Lowell High school and Portsmouth High was postponed from February 15th to February 28th. Lowell wished for more time to prepare for the contest.

# BEAT SACRED HEARTS

Portsmouth Team Found Men From Spencer Easy

The Portsmouth basketball team on a busy time of it with the Sacred Hearts of Spencer, Mass., on Police Hall floor on Saturday evening. The visitors were totally outclassed. The captain of the Sacred Hearts was "Till" Moran, last year a member of the Portsmouth team.

The lineup and score: Portsmouth (31) (44) Sacred Hearts (Edmunds) (11) Doherty (Edmunds) (11) McKenna (Edmunds) (11) Horan (Edmunds) (11) Powell (Edmunds) (11) Plant (Edmunds) (11) Sacred Hearts (14) Goals—Lacasse 5, Follansbee 4, Bouvier 4, Cragen 2, Gion 2, Sheridan 2, Doherty 2, Plant, Points from Goals—Portsmouth, Referred—Doherty, Timekeeper—Rowe, Time—Three fifteen minute periods.

# JANUARY WEATHER

"W. B.," the Hampton Falls monthly correspondent of The Country Gentleman, makes the following interesting summary under date of January 18:

Moderate weather conditions continued an enjoyable winter. Plowing was done during the last week in December; at the same time the ice was reported to be eight inches thick on the streams and ponds. Ice has been cut the past week twelve inches thick. Those selling milk to the contractors sign an obligation to store ice to be used in cooling. Little snow so far; a few days of good shoveling middle of December. Ground has been frozen but little; roads smooth and wheeling the best. Considerable rain, but mud has at no time been deep enough to interfere with travel. Price of eggs well sustained, having been higher and for a longer period than usual. Some of those who understand egg production are seen often in the market with well-filled baskets, while others are unable to get any eggs during seasons of high prices. One of my neighbors with a large flock reports an average of 145 eggs per hen during the past year, beside raising a large number of chickens. Another has a few hens which reached the 200 mark, considered to be the limit of egg production. The ordinary farmer would do well to learn the secret of egg production, as it requires little labor and is very profitable, with no danger of being overdone. Hay low in price with little demand. Corn and meal lower, and can now be bought for \$20 per ton. At this price it is the cheapest feed in the market. Apples have not yet advanced in price; there are large quantities in cold storage.

# BROWN-TAIL MOTHS

The City of Portsmouth, N. H., invites proposals for the removal and destruction of all brown-tail moth and gypsy moth nests on trees in the highways and on property of the City, work to be completed before April 1st next, reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

The proposals will be opened at the Mayor's office Saturday, February 2, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in the presence of the bidders, and referred to the City Council for action.

Bids should be enclosed in an envelope endorsed "Proposals for removing moth nests," to be opened February 2nd, 1906, at 11 a. m., and addressed to:

WILLIAM E. MARVIN, d  
William E. Marvin, Mayor,  
Portsmouth, N. H.

# LEASED ANOTHER HOTEL

By an indenture sent to record last week Mrs. Mary E. Burns of Lawrence, Mass., has leased the purchased Canfield Lake Hotel and grounds in Salem, this state, for five years to Gen. Rufus E. Graves of Newmarket and Charles J. Mansfield of Northampton and this city, at an annual rental of \$1,000. The lease covenants that during the five years no hotel, ice house, skating rink, bowling alley, dance hall or other amusements shall be erected on the hotel and the lake.

The American Express Company has given orders to its agents in Maine that they must take no order for liquor of any kind. "The brand name" and other stuff must be ordered by mail or telegraph, and when that is done the company as a common carrier will try to deliver it, other than that the company will have no part in helping out the cause. The new order will place the liquor dealers and the express company on good terms.

# COACHING COLLEGE TEAM

Capt. Albee Gion of the Portsmouth basketball team has been chosen the team of New Hampshire College.

# FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW

Some Vouched For by London Punch That Are New and Interesting.

Fishmongers never advertise sales of old and soiled stock. Nearly all the inhabitants of the Great Sahara are total abstainers. When a guinea pig attempts to bite its tail it is suffering from hydrophobia. Pickled onions were introduced into England by the Crusaders. The early Babylonians were unacquainted with the use of the telephone.

It is not generally known that by subtracting the number of wet days in a year from 365 you can ascertain approximately the number of fine days. Motorists are said to enjoy more "fine days" than any other class of the community. Fur is best removed from the inside of a kettle with a razor. Columbus discovered America towards the end of the fifteenth century and was properly punished by a long term of imprisonment.

There is no phrase in the Thibetan language which will exactly express the English term "nonconformist conscience." No trace of any system of fire insurance has been discovered amongst the prehistoric relics of the cave men. In Spitzbergen frozen beer is sold by the yard and bona fide travelers always provide themselves with substantial beer walking sticks to support themselves on the homeward journey.

# DRUMMER'S CONSCIENCE.

It Was a Trifle Slow in Getting Busy, But There Was No Use for It.

"I know that a conscience doesn't be long with my line of business," said the dry goods drummer, "but I was born with one and can't get rid of it." "For instance?" was asked. "Well, for instance, I was making a flying trip through Illinois ten years ago, and in a certain town I asked a man to change a \$10 bill for me. He complied, and I stood there and saw him count me out \$11 and was mean enough not to say anything. However, when I got away my conscience began to upbraid me. I meant to make things right the first time I went back, but it so happened that I did not strike the town again until last week. All this time a still, small voice was accusing me."

"But you made it right last week?" "I found the man and stated the circumstance and said that I desired to make restitution, but he laughed and replied:

"Yes, I remember, my dear man; but I folded two of the one-dollar bills over so that you counted them twice. I really gave you only nine dollars. My conscience has also accused me, and—let's go out and have a drink." "And was that all?" "All that except when we got to a saloon he ordered water!"

# HOW A PICTURE WAS SOLD

American Paid High Price for Painting Upon Singular Condition.

One of the pictures disposed of at the Jabezot sale was an immense military canvas shown at the salon in 1877 by M. Jean Paul Laurens, says a Paris letter to the London Telegraph. "The Austrian Staff Marching Past the Body of Marceau" (4520). Perhaps the chief interest in the picture is a curious but true story told about it. When shown at the salon it was much admired, but no one felt inclined to buy till at last M. Turquet, then director of fine arts, to encourage the painter or purchased it out of his own pocket. Soon after a man called upon him, saying that he knew he would like to pay for it and offered a handsome sum. M. Turquet accepted at once, but his visitor added that there was one essential condition to the bargain, "Make me a knight of the Legion of Honor." The official was shocked, but the visitor went on: "You need not mind. I am not a Frenchman, but an American citizen. Give me the red ribbon and say it is a reward for services rendered to French art." The official was persuaded, the picture changed hands and the buyer became and is still a knight of the Legion of Honor. He eventually parted with the picture to M. Jabezot.

# New Medical Science.

Medical climatology, a medical science, is developing into a science. It is an American science, for it is in America, where the many types of men are out of their natural habitat, that the habit of seeking a change of climate as a general cure-all has become almost universal. The kind of change needed is becoming understood. A man whose climate is not adapted to his nature and sunshine is better for many, while damp and cold is necessary for certain people, perhaps all blond people, having climate affected in disease of heart and lungs.

# London Suburbs.

Far more sham culture is apparent at a gathering of literary people in London than is ever displayed by non literary people in suburban drawing rooms; far more meanness of outlook, pettiness of living, struggling for solely material ends, are associated with Belgrave and Mayfair than ever penetrate to those fearful wilds of Brixton or Crouch-end—London Queen.

# Classified.

Hufferley—When you and your wife were first married you used to call each other "birdie," didn't you?

McSwat—Yes. "Do you still do it?" "Well, I call her a parrot and a magpie, and she refers to me as a Jay."

# Worthy Help.

The New York Charity, its labor unions with the most efficient helpers against tuberculosis, which it ravages 20 per cent, in that city.

# NOTABLE GEM COLLECTION

Fine Maine Tourmalines and Beryl Become Property of Massachusetts Lady.

By the death recently of Dr. Augustus Chenebault, Miss Ellen Cutting Hamilton, of Boston, Mass., who is his only child, has inherited a collection of Maine gems, in addition to a famous collection which she has, and which, it is said, cannot be duplicated in any museum in Europe.

This collection, says a Boston letter to the New York Globe, is of Maine tourmalines, and includes one of the finest of the gems which have been taken from Mount Mica. Since the discovery in 1826 of tourmaline of previous stones by F. L. Hawks and his brother, Frederick Hawks, at one time vice president of the United States. In the collection is the first gem found by them 31 years ago.

The necklace is composed of 17 large tourmalines, ranging from three to 30 carats, each attached to a chain of gold, and arranged so that they can be detached at will, and their places taken by others of different sizes. In the set are 20 additional stones, many being mounted with white tourmalines and beryl. There are also a cross and two earrings, the former composed of six of the finest tourmalines yet found. The stones bring about three carats each and of various colors. The earrings are of green and pink tourmalines, set with white beryls.

Many of these stones were exhibited by Gen. William B. Franklin, commissioner at the Paris exposition in 1889, and they were also shown in the display of American gems at the world's fair in Chicago.

There are several fine collections in Maine outside the Hamlin family, and within the last few years local pride in the resources of the state, particularly in regard to its gems, has become so great that in many villages and towns the women will not wear any other ornament.

# POLICEMAN AND DIRECTORY

Officer Monopolizes Public Book to the Disgust of Anxious Citizens.

What a convenience is a public city directory—except when it becomes an amazing source of prolonged vexation. Take, for instance, the one at Dearborn station, says the Chicago Record-Herald. A day or so ago a passerby hurried in to consult it, only to find a policeman standing over the book while two people were in line impatiently awaiting their turn. The officer, perhaps made indifferent to the wants of the public by his "profession," heeded them not. It was evidently his lunch hour, and he was putting in spare time in the improvement of his mind.

Another man joined the line. He was waiting for a train and wanted to kill time. Still the policeman continued to pore over the volume with all the intensity of a news-boy studying a "dope" sheet.

No. 1 in the line looked out the door and, seeing a car about to start, hurried away. No. 2 now moved up toward the directory making a noisy show of impatience to distract the mind of the reader. The policeman looked up, but it was with a far-away expression as though he was calculating who would be the next possessor of the book.

As the officer turned back to the book No. 3 consulted his watch and was none. No. 4 seemed to be a very patient individual, so he may have succeeded in getting the information he desired from the directory.

# CANAL LOCKS IN CHINA.

Crude Contrivances in Use on the "Grand" Waterway of That Country.

Some of the primitive methods in use in China are curiously described in an article, "The Grand Canal of China," in the Technical World Magazine.

The contrivances for locks along the canal are very simple—strong beams with ropes at each end of them, being let down edgewise over each other through grooves in the stone pillars. Boats are dragged through and up the sluices by means of ropes communicating with large windlasses worked on the bank, which haul them safely but very slowly. Artificial basins were hewed out in the banks of the canal and these locks, where boats might anchor securely. The sluices which keep the necessary level are of very rude construction. Soldiers and workmen are constantly in the danger at these sluices and the danger to boats is almost daily rolls of rope hung down at the side to break the force of possible blows.

# Kenilworth Inn

Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C.

There is no scenery in the world that will compare with the view from this palace. Located on highest point in Asheville, surrounded by one of the finest parcels of 160 acres with springs and winding macadamized paths—Mt Mitchell in full view. Dry invigorating climate, adjoining Biltmore Estate, magnificently furnished, cuisine unsurpassed. Orchestra, golf, fishing, hunting and fishing. Open all the year. Write for booklet.

EDGAR B. MOORE, - PROPRIETOR

# MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

Week of January 29th. Except Thursday

The Popular

# Colonial Stock Co.

Headed by the Young Heroic Actor, ROLLO LLOYD

# EVENINGS.

Monday—A Celebrated Case. Tuesday—The Bell. Wednesday—How for Blow. Friday—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Saturday—Queen of the Mines.

# MATINEES.

Tuesday—In Virginia. Wednesday—The Power of the Church. Friday—For the Love of a Brother. Saturday—What Happened to Brown.

# 5 BIG SPECIALTIES 5

LADIES' NIGHT MONDAY Evenings 10, 20, 30c Matinees 10, 20c

# Special Ladies' Ticket

This Ticket and 15 Cents can be exchanged for a first-class reserved seat for Ladies only, for Monday Night, if presented at the Box Office before 5 p. m., Monday, Jan. 29. (Limited to 300 Tickets.)

# Thursday Evening, Feb. 1st.

THE FUN HIT OF THE YEAR.

"MORE LAUGHS THAN A FARCE."

# Mr. Daniel Sully

Presents The Unique Comedy,

# THE MATCHMAKER!

A Laugh in Every Line

Every Laugh a Moral

An Episode of Idaho

Elaborately Staged

Prices 35c, 50c 75c and \$1.00.

25c Seats on select Music Hall Box Office Tuesday morning, Jan. 29th.

# How's Your Hair?

B. Coleman Announces That He Has At Last Secured a Cure for Hair Troubles.

We beg to announce to the people of Portsmouth that we have secured the agency for one of the greatest discoveries of recent years. We refer to the new prescription of Sir Erasmus Wilson, M. D., England's most successful specialist in diseases of the scalp, who was knighted for his many successes in the treatment of skin and scalp. Upon the death of Dr. Wilson this prescription was secured by American chemists and is now offered to the public under the name of Dr. Wilson's English Life to the Hair. This preparation will grow hair in bald heads even after all else fails. Unlike other hair preparations it is not sticky or greasy, but gives a live and glossy appearance to the hair. Miss Corabella Stevens, 6 Smith Ave., Boston, Mass., says: "Dr. Wilson's English Life to the Hair grew a magnificent head of hair for me after I was told that I was becoming hopelessly bald. My hair now reaches nearly to my waist and is heavy and glossy. I cannot too highly recommend it." If you are growing bald, troubled with eruptions, dandruff scales or any scalp troubles try Dr. Wilson's Life to the Hair. Albert Chemical Co., Boston, Mass., proprietors. Sold by B. Coleman, 61 Congress St. Price, 60 cents.

# Kenilworth Inn

Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C.

There is no scenery in the world that will compare with the view from this palace. Located on highest point in Asheville, surrounded by one of the finest parcels of 160 acres with springs and winding macadamized paths—Mt Mitchell in full view. Dry invigorating climate, adjoining Biltmore Estate, magnificently furnished, cuisine unsurpassed. Orchestra, golf, fishing, hunting and fishing. Open all the year. Write for booklet.

# Kenilworth Inn

Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C.

There is no scenery in the world that will compare with the view from this palace. Located on highest point in Asheville, surrounded by one of the finest parcels of 160 acres with springs and winding macadamized paths—Mt Mitchell in full view. Dry invigorating climate, adjoining Biltmore Estate, magnificently furnished, cuisine unsurpassed. Orchestra, golf, fishing, hunting and fishing. Open all the year. Write for booklet.

EDGAR B. MOORE, - PROPRIETOR



JAPANESE SWORD MAKERS.

Prayer Offered Before the Work is Begun—No Women Employed.

The swords of Japan are as keen and hard as the best blades of Toledo and Damascus, but they are not so elastic. All the work is done by hand and is accompanied by religious ceremonies. In huts built for the purpose the steel is forged. On the walls are representations of the god of the sword makers and the chief goddess of the Shintoes. There are also bits of white paper and wisps of straw charms to keep off the evil spirits. No female is allowed to enter the place, as they are supposed to be accompanied by demons, and would bring disaster on the swords.

Prayer is offered before the work is begun. The metal used is Japanese steel made by melting iron ore in a furnace and dropping it in cold water. Lumps are formed about a pound and a half in weight, and fifteen of them go to the making of a sword. Each bit is examined carefully and if defective is rejected. Then each lump is heated and beaten out to a flat slab. While red hot it is cut with hatchet and hammer into a rectangular shape. Then a heap of small bits of steel are piled on it and sprinkled with straw ashes, earth and water and again placed in the furnace. It is then withdrawn, pounded with sledge hammers until it will bend upon itself and welded into a solid mass. This operation is sometimes repeated twenty or more times.

It is then taken in hand by the swordsmith, who beats the mass of steel into shape with small hammers, which he dips from time to time in cold water to cleanse the surface of the steel.

The hardening process is peculiar to the Japanese sword, and the man who does the work has his name inscribed on the hilt. The blade is first covered with a thick paste of fre-clay and water. Then the edge and point are scraped clean and a thin layer of clay placed thereon. The forge is darkened, prayer is offered, and the chief smith, taking the clay covered blade thrusts it in the furnace, moving it back and forth in the blaze. When the blade has reached a certain degree of redness from end to end it is withdrawn and plunged into water of a hundred degrees of temperature. As soon as it ceases to sizzle it is taken out and goes into the hands of the polisher and sharpener.

The last thing before it is ready for use is to have it blessed by the sword god. The weapon is placed in front of the "kakamono" on the wall with an offering of saki, rice and sweets. Prayer scrolls are read and a blessing invoked.

HONOLULU SHARK FISHING.

Large Specimens Abound—Fishermen Enjoy the Sport.

One of Honolulu's most exciting pastimes is shark fishing. Large sharks abound off Honolulu harbor and fishermen may usually count on bringing back one or two monsters eight to fourteen feet long, by going three of four miles from shore. The fish may be harpooned or hooked, the latter method being easier. The harpooning is more dangerous.

The shark fishers need a small launch, a dead horse, some harpoons or hooks and some large caliber rifles. The horse is sometimes killed a day or two before the expedition, as sharks are supposed to like their meat "high."

The horse is tied at the end of a rope and left to float about 60 feet away from the launch in the open sea. Then the wait for the sharks begins. A shark will usually show up in a short time. At a distance of 60 feet he is a long, green object of indefinite outlines. He approaches the horse slowly, until a few feet away, and then veers off to one side and disappears. But he always returns. Over and over again, sometimes for an hour, he will circle about the dead animal, seeming to be as suspicious as any fox.

While the shark is making these investigations the bait is slowly drawn toward the boat. Some interesting glimpses of the shark are obtainable during this process. He will slowly glide through the water up to the food, and then suddenly turn on his side and take a bite.

When harpooning is to be done the bait is gradually drawn closer until the shark is near. Then the harpoon is plunged into him and the battle begins. The shark will dive for deep water and tow the boat at a rapid pace. His strength is extraordinary, and the fight is a long one. There is nothing to do but tire him out, and the only way is to let him struggle as he will. Gradually he is drawn nearer to the boat, and soon he is hauled to the surface in a condition approaching exhaustion. Then the rifles come into play, but at the first shot he will often carry the harpoon and rope off again and repeat the fight.

There is a spot under the gills where a fatal wound can be inflicted with a large rifle bullet, but shooting in a rocking boat is not likely to be accurate, and the right spot is seldom reached at once.

Two Very Young Married Women.

"Yes, my husband does an immense business—just a rush the whole time. He sells everything just a little below cost, you know."

"But I don't see how he can make any money then."

"Oh, but he does," much."

Judge.

SECRET OF BREATHING WELLS.

Due to Changes in Atmospheric Pressure or in Temperature.

The United States Geographical Survey has on hand the investigation of curious phenomena known as "blowing" or "breathing" wells. In the course of collecting well records, the hydrologists of the survey have observed many wells that emit currents of air with more or less force, sometimes accompanied by a whistling sound which can be heard for a long distance.

The best known examples of this type of well are found throughout the State of Nebraska. Blowing wells are also known to occur in Rapides Parish, in Southern Louisiana. The force of the air currents in one of the Southern Louisiana wells is sufficient to keep a man's hat suspended above it.

The cause of such phenomena is mainly due to changes in atmospheric pressure or to changes in temperature. During the progress of a low barometer storm over these regions, the air is expelled from the blowing wells. With a rising barometer the blowing becomes rapidly less until the current is finally reversed.

Differences in the temperature of the surface air and the air in the soil also produce similar effects. When the interstices between the grains of sand, gravel, etc., in which the well is driven are filled with water, the phenomena of blowing is much less noticeable.—St. Louis Republic.

COOKING FISH IN CLAY.

Improves Flavor and Keeps Flesh Firm and Hard.

"The natives of the North Woods have more appetizing ways to cook fish than any other class of cooks in the world, I believe," said Leonard Kehoe, of Tomah. "It surprises people who come into the fishing country to learn that there are so many ways of cooking fish. The universal favorite, however, seems to be the clay method.

"This is so simple that it is nearly always used when the cook can secure some good, firm clay. The fish is wrapped in the clay without having so much as a scale rubbed by the cleaning knife. He is not dressed, and the only seasoning is a pinch of salt placed in the mouth. When the fish is done up in the clay the package is placed in the embers of the camp fire to bake. When it is done the clay is cracked open, and the scales of the fish are found to be sticking in the clay, and the head is then broken off. The delicate flavor of the fish cooked in this way cannot be described. Some of the cooks have a habit of cutting a long gash along each side of the dorsal fin and inserting a slice of fat bacon. This adds greatly to the flavor of the fish.

"Another thing which makes the fish so fine in the woods is that they are generally cooked in a short time after coming out of the water. The cold streams keep the flesh firm and hard, making them far superior to the fish one gets in the cities."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Gibraltar is Crumbling.

The public is not aware that the great rock of Gibraltar is tumbling down—that its crumbling, rotting masses must be continually bound together with huge patches of masonry and cement.

Yet they who sail past Gibraltar cannot fail to notice on the eastern slope of the fortress enormous silvery-colored patches gleaming in the sun. These patches in some cases thirty or forty feet square, are the proof of Gibraltar's disintegration. Of thick, strong cement, they keep huge spurs of the cliff's side from tumbling into the blue sea.

Sea captains, cruising in the Mediterranean, say that Gibraltar has been rotting and crumbling for many years, but that of late the disintegration has gone on at a faster rate than heretofore.

They say that the stone forming this imposing cliff is rotten stone, and that in a little while the phrase, "the strength of Gibraltar," will be meaningless.—Chicago Chronicle.

Stockings of Human Hair.

They are black stockings, thick, stiff, lustrous, and the price mark on them was \$15.

"From China," said the dealer. "From Northern China. Every family has a few pairs of human hair stockings there. They are worn over the cotton stockings—they are too prickly to be worn next the skin—and, properly treated, they last a lifetime.

"The Chinese exporter who sold me these stockings said when a child's hair is shaved in Northern China the hair is preserved in a special hair box of lacquer. As soon as the box is full enough the hair is taken from it and a pair of stockings is woven. Such stockings have a sentimental, almost a religious value, and they are rarely parted with. It would be safe to bet that there are not six other pairs of hair stockings on sale in America.—Boston Post.

Englishwomen's Looks.

The Englishwoman may not unreasonably claim to be the best looking woman in the world. Of course, she would not pretend for a moment that all the essentials of good looks are in her possession; but when one comes to think that the women of no other nation manage to give such general satisfaction as Englishwomen, they may, I think, confidently the largest proportion of good looks, grace, and fascination to be found in any daughter of Eve all the world over.—The World.

ANCIENT USAGE OF THE FORK.

On Being Invited Out One Furnished His Knife and Fork.

The first mention of the use of forks in history was at the table of John, the good Duke of Burgundy, and he only possessed two, one of gold and the other of silver. At that period the loaves of bread were made cylindrical. They were cut in slices and piled upon a trencher and placed beside the host, who carved the meat with a pointed carving knife, holding the joint with a skewer of wrought gold or silver, which he stuck into the joint to hold it secure while cutting the meat. Having cut the meat in slices, he took it on the point of the knife and placed it on a slice of bread, which was served to the guest. This ancient custom of serving meat is still practiced in some hamlets on the continent of Europe. This decoration is still the vogue in our delicatessen stores. When it first became customary to use forks a gentleman on receipt of an invitation to dinner would send his servant with his knife, fork and spoon, or, if he had no servant, he would carry them in his breeches pockets, as a carpenter carries his rule to-day. This ancient custom still obtains among the peasantry of the Tyrol and some parts of Germany and Switzerland, they carrying their knife, fork and spoon in a case. Sometimes all three are found together, with a rivet through the extreme end of the handle.

This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places in Italy, their forks being for the most part made of iron or steel, and some of silver; but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion of this forked cutting of meat, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home.

The use of forks was at first much ridiculed in England as an effeminate piece of finery. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays "Your fork carving traveler" is spoken of with much contempt, and Ben Jonson has joined in the laugh against them in his "Devil's an Ass."—New York Mail.

EDISON'S OBVIOUS INVENTIONS.

Why He Would Like the Aid of Some Judges.

Thomas A. Edison recently made a suggestion by which a common failing of judges may be turned to account. The patent law demands that an invention shall show more evidences of imagination than are required in the ordinary makeshift improvements that are made every day in machine shops; and yet the simplest devices are the most effective and the most profitable. The Federal courts have several times invalidated Mr. Edison's patents on the ground that the improvements made by his devices were "obvious" solutions of the mechanical problems, and, therefore, not patentable. As in many problems that require hard study, the solutions did seem obvious enough—afterward.

"Not long ago Mr. Edison was trying to work out a new piece of mechanism. It seemed a simple enough problem when he began it, but it proved to be extremely difficult. After several days' exasperatingly futile work his attorney happened to ask him how it was coming along.

"No good, yet," replied Mr. Edison, "but of course the thing is perfectly obvious. I wish you'd bring a committee of those fellow judges down here that are always saying that. If this thing is so all right, obvious perhaps they can tell me how to make it."—Harper's Weekly.

Underground Wonder.

At Medina, Italy, is a large tract in which, when the well-diggers got sixty-three feet from the surface, they came to a bed of chalk. Through this they bored with an augur just five feet. They then withdrew from the pit before the augur was removed and upon its extraction the water burst through the aperture with great violence, and quickly filled the newly made well, which was afterwards affected neither by rain nor drought. At another point, at the depth of fourteen feet, were found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of mason work. Under this was earth made of vegetable matter, and at twenty-six feet large trees entire, such as walnut trees with the walnuts sticking to the stems, and the leaves and branches in perfect preservation. At twenty-eight feet chalk was found mixed with shells, the bed being eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables were found again.

Buying Cheap.

A well known actor, shortly before his bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The waiters were washed down by some rare sherry. "That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed: "It must have cost you a lot of money." "It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the merry comedian answered, with a shrug. "You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested. "Oh, no, I bought it from Ellis in Bond Street." "But he will charge you something for it," the friend exclaimed in astonishment. "I believe he does write something down in a book," the coming bankrupt retorted gravely: "let's have another glass, my boy."

ROYAL ROWS OVER CHESS.

Stories of Monarchs Who Became Infatuated When Defeated.

If, as is reported in the papers, King Edward is developing an enthusiasm for chess, he is only following in the steps of many of his predecessors on the throne, including his namesake, the first Edward, who was almost as keen a fighter with castles and pawns as with his knights and squires at his back on the Scottish border.

William the Conqueror more than once lost his temper over the game, and on at least one occasion with serious consequences. He was playing with the son of the King of France when a dispute led to hot words, and culminated in William bringing down the board so heavily on his opponent's head as to make him unconscious. Within an hour William's horse put a score of miles between his rider and the French court.

In one case at least chess estranged a husband and wife and cost the husband dearly. Ferrand, Count of Flanders, was in the habit of playing with his countess, and was ungallant enough to win almost every game. This constant and almost inevitable defeat so disturbed the lady that in time she conceived a positive hatred of her victor—to such an extent that when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Bouvines she refused point blank to take any steps to procure his release.

Louis XIII. of France was so infatuated with the game that wherever he went he was accompanied by his chess board and men, and invariably played it in his coach when he took his drives abroad. Charles I. found it so fascinating that he almost literally played it to the foot of the scaffold, and when once his game was interrupted by news that the Scots had decided to sell him to the parliament he proceeded with his move as unruffled as if, instead of hearing his doom, he had received a summons to dinner. And when John Frederick, elector of Saxony, heard over the chess board the news that he had been condemned to death, he completed his move and was again in the game before the messenger had time to withdraw.

IMITATING TORTOISE SHELL.

Only the Expert Able to Select The Artificial.

"All my life I have been handling tortoise shell and imitations," said a manufacturer, "and yet the resemblance is often so close that I need more than a glance to determine whether a comb is real tortoise or not.

"The minor distinctions that are noted by an experienced man are almost imperceptible to an inexperienced person, who is examining the better class of imitations. Yet in appearance, touch and smell there are peculiarities which reveal to the expert whether the comb is of real shell or not.

"Years ago the trade depended mostly on bone or horn, with which to imitate tortoise shell, and in horn some fine work was done. But horn has been getting more and more scarce since the farmers took to raising hornless cattle and the prices have gone up so that they are more than double what they were ten years ago.

"Now little horn is used for this purpose and there is a variety of other substitutes, the chief of which is easily celluloid. We can produce in celluloid more beautiful combs and a more perfect likeness of tortoise shell than was ever made in horn or any other material.

"Exposure to heat will not cause a celluloid comb to burn in an explosive burst of fire and smoke if the material is of the better grades now being produced and has been seasoned six months or a year in the factory.

"Tortoise shell does not yield to heat below the boiling point. Hold a comb, and if the heat of your hand so affects the teeth that you can bend them easily to other shapes you have celluloid or some other material. Shell is almost as elastic as a Damascus blade."

One of the manufacturers said that the reason celluloid is not so inflammable as formerly is that rubber is mixed with the gun cotton and camphor. After some years, he said, celluloid will become brittle, while shell one hundred years and more old retains its original qualities.—New York Sun.

An Organ 700 Years Old.

William C. Carl brought back with him from Japan a pipe organ of ancient make which he believes will prove a revelation to modern instrument builders.

The organ is 700 years old, but, notwithstanding this fact, embodies practically all the improvements which present day builders regard as new. The pipes are of bamboo, and the instrument is in a good state of preservation. Mr. Carl also brought home a large collection of Japanese music arranged in modern notation. Previous to thirty years ago, he says, all the native music was handed down from one generation to another. In characters, but since the establishment of an academy at Tokio a great impetus has been given to all classes of music, and more than 600 students were in attendance at that institution when Mr. Carl visited it.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A Habit.

"Jinks's wife used to be a saleslady."

"No wonder she's always asking him for cash."

PHILIPPINE RAT CATCHERS.

Bounty for the Capture of the Animals in Manila.

The Manila rat is much more in demand than is the Buffalo rat. Since the American occupation of the Philippines rat catching has become a big industry. It has thrived so much under a paternal form of government that 150,000 of the animals were caught in Manila during the last year. Incidentally, that meant 150,000 deaths in the rat colony, for the only good rats in Manila are dead rats. Thus wholesale slaughter of rats is carried out under the direction of the Philippine Board of Health. It is one of the means used to prevent the much dreaded Asiatic plague.

"Although it is an established fact that rats are carriers of the infection of the dreaded Asiatic plague, yet comparatively few Americans in Manila are alive to the importance which the Board of Health authorities attach to the trapping of rodents, or are aware that the city has an organized corps of seventy-five rat catchers, and that they trap about a hundred and fifty thousand rats a year," said the doctor. "Such is the case, nevertheless, and were it not for this rat brigade, it would be difficult to say where the pest would stop.

"The corps of rat catchers is divided into seven sections, one being assigned to each of the health stations. Each man, who in turn hires small boys to do the actual work, receives a monthly salary of 10 pesos, which is \$5, and, in addition, three centavos (1 1/2 cents) for every rat he catches. This bounty amounts to about six pesos a month—an average Manila clerk's salary. A rat catcher must be industrious. He is hired by the district medical inspector, and if he fails to corral a certain number of animals he is promptly succeeded by a new aspirant.

"This Oriental professional resorts to many ingenious ways in attempting to fool the officials and incidentally increase his revenue. When the trapping was started the officials were none too strict, and it was soon noticed that some of the trappers were making quite an amount of money. Investigation revealed the fact that oftentimes one rat was kept to do duty several times, being kept on the grounds earning bounty for its captor until decomposition set in. To remedy this the inspectors now make each trapper bring his rats to the station every morning, and there the right front foot is chopped off and the rat is labelled with the street and the number of the house from which it came. All rats are then taken to the crematory.

"But the clever native found a new means of evading the law. He conceived the idea of starting a rat farm, and before the authorities were aware of it the business of breeding rodents, in order to collect the bounty, assumed goolish proportions.

"Once a month an auditing is made, at which time all the traps which are furnished by the authorities must be accounted for by the catchers.

"One of the principal acts in this rat drama is enacted at the waterfront, where every precaution is taken to prevent rats from coming ashore from ships arriving from plague infected ports of Asia. Cargoes are closely watched, and while they are being discharged tin funnels are placed on the hawvers to prevent the rodents from reaching the wharf."—Buffalo Express.

Strange Origin of Fashions.

The custom of powdering the hair dates back as far as the sixteenth century, and was first introduced by the nuns in French convents. Those who had occasion to leave the cloisters for any reason were wont to powder their hair, so as to make it appear gray and give them a venerable look. The fashionable dames were so struck with the novel effect of white powder on dark hair that they soon appropriated the device as one of the arts of the worldly toilet. Out of this grew the use of tints in the hair. The Roman women often used blue powder, and later, in 1860, Empress Eugenie set the fashion of using gold powder.

Rome under the empire of Greece during the time of Pericles were seized with a mania for golden hair. The belles and tops of the day devised several methods whereby black locks might be changed to golden yellow, but bleaching did not always succeed. Consequently, quite a trade was established with the fair-haired tribes beyond the Alps, who sold their locks to Latin merchants, to be worn on the heads of Roman dandies.

Many a dame dampened her raven tresses in the strongest of mercuric acid and sat in the sun to bleach her hair to the coveted yellow, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

There were some cunning devices in vogue among the belles of the old world for giving expression to the eye. The most reckless of them went wont to place a single drop of that devil poison, prussic acid, in the bottom of a wineglass and hold it against the eye for two or three seconds. Or, more rashly still, they would take a small quantity—a piece not larger than a grain of rice—or an ointment containing that mortal drug, atropia, and rub it on the brow. Each of these was supposed to give clearness and brilliancy, expand the pupil and impart a fascinating fineness and mollieness to the eye.

Property Destroyed by Fire.

Nearly two hundred millions of dollars' property is destroyed by fire annually in the United States.

Armand Gautier, a French physician contends that a strict vegetarian diet is impossible for white races.

LAZIEST MEN IN THE WORLD.

Stories Told of a Hill Tribe in India—Women Who Build Huts.

In these days of push and energy it sounds strange to talk of people as being lazy, and still the Todas, a hill tribe of India, are the laziest people in the world.

The Todas are not ashamed of their reputation and are free to confess that they know of nothing so foolish and stupid as work. Their one and only pursuit is the raising of buffaloes; they are far too indolent to follow the chase. An ax is their only weapon, although they know how to make others. They use this for waging war and for felling trees. They will not till the land, considering this unnecessary labor. To make house-keeping easier, all their natural products are held in common: the idea of property is only restricted to the hut, its contents and live stock.

The buffaloes, which they own in large quantity furnish them with skins for clothing and the hut, and the meat is used as food. But milk is their principal diet. They do not even relish the idea of milking their cattle; the head milkers are the only ones that are to be persuaded to do this labor. These men are chosen from the class of "priest" or "sons of God." They are the priests and practice celibacy. Although the priests tend to the cattle, each householder owns his cattle.

Much as these men dislike the caring for their cattle they find farming a less dignified calling. Some years ago they went to war with their neighbors, the Badaga and Kotas, as they might be able to levy a tax of one eighth of their grain products. When their grain grows scarce they live on roots and berries. They will sell their land or give it away, but they will not cultivate it at any price.

Strangely, their appearance does not disclose this most marked characteristic. They are tall and well proportioned. They look like Roman Senators, as they walk, wrapped in skins resembling the ancient toga. Their appearance is not only prepossessing, but bold and self-reliant.

Many an amusing story is told of this small hill tribe, numbering about 400 men. An American missionary was working among them, when one day he saw some women and boys building a hut of bamboo. He inquired why the men were not performing this labor, and one woman explained: "Husband mine don't work; me and boys build house."

The missionary made no further comment, but when the hut was built he told the husband that he must build another hut, as he could not live in a home made by women and children. But the surprised Toda answered: "No, no, me no work; man has boys and wife to work."

The Toda meant what he said. Although the missionary argued, and finally horsewhipped the native, he could not get him to build a hut.—Chicago Tribune.

WORK OF THE GUANGO TREE.

Its Presence Makes Life Easy for Other Plants.

The Guango, or rain tree, which is indigenous to Brazil and Central America, has been successfully introduced into Australia, but the attempts to acclimate it in corresponding latitudes in America have been unsuccessful. The work of introduction was carried on by the Bureau of Plant Industry along the coasts of Texas, but it has been found impossible to preserve the tree over the winter months.

While these trees do not provide moisture, or bring rain, they are very helpful in draining wet lands, and the cool, moist air settling down upon their leaves during the night time produces an artificial rain, which would otherwise be killed by heat and lack of moisture.—Philadelphia Record.

Didn't Want to Be Bothered.

H. A. Fuller, of the Pennsylvania Bankers' Convention in Wilkesbarre, introduced with this story the banker who responded to the toast, "Our Depositors."

"A depositor in a neighboring trust company is an eccentric farmer of middle age. This farmer, though he is wealthy, overdrew his account one day to the tune of five hundred dollars.

"Notification of the overdraft was at once sent to him.

"He replied: 'You tell me I have overdrew my account five hundred dollars. Well, I know it. So what is the necessity of bothering me about it? Why not trust me as I do you? Do I go to you when I have money in your institution and shout, 'You have five hundred dollars of mine?' Such statements are superfluous either way.

Why Toll Was Paid.

On one of the old turnpikes yet remaining in the South a big touring car had twice rushed through the gate without paying toll. The third time it made the attempt the negro toll man shut his gate and brought the car to a stand. With indignation the half dozen occupants of the car declared they were entitled to toll free. "Look at your own board," said the spokesman. "It says: 'Every carriage, cart or wagon drawn by one beast, 2 cents; every additional beast, 2 cents.' We're not drawn by any beast at all." "No; but here's where you come in, sah," replied the gatekeeper, pointing to another clause, as follows: "Every half dozen hogs, 4 cents." An' three times four is twelve," he added. The 12 cents was paid.



CARE OF THE POULTRY HOUSE.

Study the Comfort of the Fowls if You Desire Large Egg Production.

Of all the buildings on the farm, the poultry house usually receives the least attention, says Indiana Farmer. We have seen some of the best farms in the country with a little old shabby pen for a poultry house. It would seem that the farmers would become more interested in poultry since the price for eggs has been so high for so long, but they think the hen is a shifter and do not seem to think it would do any good to improve her quarters.

If it is too small enlarge it by all means. A house 10 by 30 feet would not be too large for a hundred hens. They need plenty of space for a roosting room and then a larger space for the scratching or living room. They should not be compelled to stay in the same room where they roost. They will stay out in the wet and cold rather than do that, and who would blame them. Fowls must have protection on stormy days or they will not lay.

Don't put in a ventilator, and if you have one in wall it up. They are death traps. Instead of this, line the inside of the house with some tarred paper and nail cleats over the cracks on the outside. Some farmers place corn fodder up against the sides of corn fodder up against the sides of a great help. Place some windows on the south side of the living room to let in the light and heat of the sun. This will be found quite beneficial to the fowls in winter. The floor should be perfectly tight so no draft can blow up through it. If a dirt floor is used it should be high enough to keep dry. If it is damp it should be dispensed with and a board floor made.

The roost should be made rather low and on a level. A roost that slants causes the fowls to crowd together upon the higher poles, and by pushing one another off injured, usually the best laying hens.

Individual Laying Nests.

It is often desirable to record the number of eggs laid by individual fowls. In the illustration is shown the method adopted by the Maine station. The boxes, which have no tops, are arranged in cases in groups of four and slide in and out like



drawers. They may, of course, be used singly by simply providing a cover for each box. When a hen has laid, the nest is pulled part way out or the cover lifted, as the case may be, and the hen removed. Each hen has a band bearing a number attached to her leg and the eggs be numbered to correspond.

Care of the Fowls.

Eggs are what we want, they mean profit; so treat the hens well, keep them warm and well fed and they will show their appreciation in return.

Why not have the poultry feed in the poultry house or near where the weather is bad?

Give plenty of water, laying fowls require it and on very cold days the chill should be taken off.

Keep the hens active, a lazy hen is never a laying one. Cut straw, hay or dry leaves should be scattered on the floor of the run and grain feed should be thrown in this, so that the hens will be kept scratching.

Although the fowls need the fresh air and sunshine, they should not be allowed to go out doors while there is snow on the ground or in any way be exposed to raw, windy weather. The result would be a loss of eggs.

Laying hens need something to take the place of the bugs they pick up during the summer. Cut bone answers this purpose very nicely.

Meat of some kind is a necessity for the best results with laying hens. Remember, the poultry house every day and also keep it clean. It is as necessary as feeding the fowls.

Fowls for Home Use.

A small flock will prove more profitable, in proportion to numbers, than a large one. This enables those who live on small areas to procure eggs at nominal cost. The same amount of food given to a pig and a flock of hens for comparison will give better results with the fowls than with the pig, to say nothing of the fact that the flesh of poultry is superior to that of the hog, while greater cleanliness is also secured. There is no good reason why every suburban resident should not keep a small flock of fowls, whether his area is large or small.

Salt is as essential to the horse as is to other stock, and should be kept within reach or put in the feed once a day.



**THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD**  
Established Sept. 21, 1884.  
Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.  
Terms, \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance, 50 cents a month, 3 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.  
Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.  
Communications should be addressed to  
**F. W. Hartford, Editor.**  
**HERALD PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.**  
Portsmouth, N. H.  
Telephone 37-2.  
Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H., Postoffice as second class mail matter.

**For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.**

You want local news? Read The Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

MONDAY, JAN. 29, 1906.  
**TRUE NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE**

Not alone in the right to make and administer our own laws does true national independence lie. Commerce, it is conceded, rules the world, and political freedom can never set our feet in the paths of real freedom, which is only to be attained when we are commercially independent of the rest of the world. That time is arrived when we longer have to import the necessities of life from another country, and it has in a sense arrived when our trade balance with the nations of the world is favorable to ourselves.

It is our long-time belief that true national independence for the United States is dependent upon the protective tariff, bitterly as this statement will be disputed by those of Democratic belief and doctrine.

The fact should be everywhere recognized that we are not a truly independent nation so long as we depend for our necessary supplies, in time of either peace or war, on a foreign source of production. The fathers of the nation, whose eyes were blinded by no political trivialities, clearly saw that political independence was not enough,—that industrial and financial independence were also necessary.

For this purpose the Confederation was replaced by the new Constitution, and for this reason, too, our first protective law was passed at the first session of the first congress under the Constitution. For the same reason this protection was steadily increased until after the second war with England, the War of 1812.

A special message issued in May, 1809, by President Madison, in speaking of the revision by Congress of our commercial laws in their relation to England, said that it would "be worthy at the same time of their just and provident care to make such further alterations in the laws as will more especially protect and foster the several branches of manufacture which have been recently instituted or extended by the laudable exertion of our citizens."

President Monroe was still more to the point in his argument, maintaining that "possessing as we do all the raw materials, the fruit of our own soil and industry, we ought not to depend in the degree we have done on supplies from other countries. While we are thus dependent the sudden event of war, unsought and unexpected, can not fail to plunge us into the most serious difficulties. It is important, too, that the capital which nourishes our manufactures should be domestic, as its influence in that case, instead of exhausting, as it must do in foreign hands, would be felt advantageously on agriculture and on every branch of industry. Equally important is it to provide a home market for our raw material."

Jackson in 1823 declared that "upon the success of our manufactures, as the handmaid of agriculture and commerce, depends in a great measure the independence of our country." While not believing that the wisdom of our forefathers was so great as the wisdom of today, which adds the accumulated knowledge of some scores of years to its advantage, we can still insist that in this, as in many particulars, they were wise even beyond their day, for they must to some degree have foreseen what the then infant nation would become

under the fostering guidance of the protective tariff.  
It is a disgrace to this country today to have to face the fact that it has in its navy a foreign built battleship, put together on foreign plans and clad in foreign armor-plates. It would be much better to spend a million dollars in some navy yard of the United States in establishing an adequate plant for steel forgings for the use of the nation than to spend a half million dollars abroad.  
That only under a high protective tariff are domestic industries to be fostered and commercial independence continued and assured is plainly a proposition not to be successfully combatted.

**BIRDS' EYE VIEWS**  
The "girl" who talks of woman's rights,  
With most vehement rage  
Is generally somewhat past  
The Dr. Osler age.

Perhaps the Democratic party will take up the old tune "Four Years More of Grover" at the next Presidential election.

Congressman Longworth is said to be a fine fiddler, but those who dance at his wedding will not be called upon to pay the fiddler.

Even the best informed newspapers keep referring to the possibility of President Roosevelt accepting a third term. Has he had two?

Street masers in Birmingham, Georgia, are known as "curbstone Johnnies." In Boston they are called "swells," and some of them live in the Back Bay district.

If the mortality among life insurance officials were as great in proportion to the sick rate as it is among ordinary mortals, they would be holding new elections daily.

At any rate, if all these insurance companies go to smash, Kittery is close at hand, and her attorneys stand ready to organize new ones, no matter what the amount of capital desired may be.

Perhaps Jacob Riis, that more or less fervid Teuton, fell into the pitfall Talk-Too-Much when he said that President Roosevelt may accept another term. President Roosevelt is not given to saying one thing and meaning another.

Great talents are now being discovered in Nick Longworth. It's passing strange that he was never heard of until Town Topics mentioned his name in connection with that of Miss Roosevelt.

Half of England's imports were from the United States during the past year. If Germany is entitled to a tariff reduction, or if she gets it, it will be up to England to next start in on the retaliatory tariff scheme.

Governor Higgins's announcement that he will not recommend that the New York Legislature further investigate the life insurance companies reminds us of a story told by Benjamin Franklin. Two men were at work sharpening a somewhat rusted axe. The man who was turning the stone, being of slothful habit, grew weary and called upon his companion to desist. "But the axe is only speckled now; let us keep on and we shall soon have it bright and shiny," urged the other. "No," insisted the lazy man, "I think I like a speckled axe best!" The insurance investigation has just, in our opinion, reached

the Hebrew junk dealers of Boston lined up for the annual rummage sale of unclaimed articles at the Boston and Maine Union station last week, and the bidding was lively, although not very heavy, as of course the bidders took a chance on their prizes, which included ancient dress-suit cases, bags, hampers, boxes and bundles of all descriptions, which brought prices from two cents to \$2.00 each, also motos and a few other bugs that went with the stuff.



**For Your Protection**  
We place this label on every package of Scott's Emulsion. The man with a fish on his back is our trade-mark, and it is a guarantee that Scott's Emulsion will do all that is claimed for it. Nothing better for lung, throat or bronchial troubles in infant or adult. Scott's Emulsion is one of the greatest flesh-builders known to the medical world.  
We'll send you a sample free.  
**SCOTT & BOWNE,** 409 Pearl Street, New York

the speckled axe stage, and Governor Higgins appears to be the slothful man.

**OUR EXCHANGES**  
**Cupid At Church**  
By chance I sat within her pew,  
And, glancing in her eyes,  
Discerned in their cerulean hue  
The beauty of the skies.  
I heard her sweet, seraphic voice  
In softest murmurs float.  
Its music made my heart rejoice  
And treasure every note.

I did the very best I could  
To look the other way,  
And all went fairly well and good  
Until I heard her say,  
"I want to be an angel!" when  
She tempted me too far,  
And so I told her, there and then,  
"Dear girl, that's what you are!"  
—Nixon Waterman in Woman's Home Companion.

**Perhaps He Will**  
"Depew is all right," says Senator Platt. Now who will be the kind gentleman who will step forward and vouch for Platt?—Biddford Journal.  
Perhaps Depew will reciprocate.—Lawrence Telegram.

**Lucky III.**  
It is figured out at Chicago that the estate of Marshall Field will yield above \$1,000,000 under the inheritance and legacy taxes imposed by the state of Illinois, which taxes direct as well as collateral successions. Altogether the Marshall Field millions, at any rate, will yield their full share of tax revenue.—Portland Argus.

**Wonder If Anyone's Allowed To View It**  
The Boston public library has been presented with two volumes entitled, "Investigations and Studies in Jade," which cost nine hundred dollars each to produce. Not quite so expensive as Col. Mann's "Fads and Fancies," but a very remarkable work for all that.—Portland Advertiser.

**Does The Transcript Know The Full Text?**

The euthanasia idea has now been put into a bill before the Ohio Legislature. It should be called "an act to permit doctors to murder their patients." Ohio has also had a proposition before the Legislature in past years for turning criminals condemned to death over to doctors for "laboratory material."—Boston Transcript.

**Gush About Alice Roosevelt**  
People who express their disgust over the amount of newspaper space given to the subject of Miss Alice Roosevelt's approaching marriage should "get next" to the fact that it is only the "yellow journals" and the anti-administration papers that are giving any undue amount of space to this event. With the former it is a question of sensation, with the latter it is anything to discredit the administration or anybody connected with it, however remote that connection may be. The principals in the approaching event are people of sense and in no degree responsible for the flood of newspaper gush and trash that the announcement of their engagement has inspired.—Biddford Journal.

**RUMMAGE SALE**

The Hebrew junk dealers of Boston lined up for the annual rummage sale of unclaimed articles at the Boston and Maine Union station last week, and the bidding was lively, although not very heavy, as of course the bidders took a chance on their prizes, which included ancient dress-suit cases, bags, hampers, boxes and bundles of all descriptions, which brought prices from two cents to \$2.00 each, also motos and a few other bugs that went with the stuff.

For instance, one man got a crack-box for ninety-five cents which was very heavy, but when he opened it he found a piece of machinery weighing about twenty pounds. One extension case was found to be filled with bread and cake; it cost its buyer sixty cents and a geyser from the bystanders. Another suit case contained a farm hand's outfit of clothing. There were several tool chests, which brought \$3 each as a rule.

**ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED**

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen M. Fitch of Wellesley, Mass., and Shirley S. Philbrick, of Chicago, Ill., son of the late Hon. Edmunds B. Philbrick of Rye.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N. Y.

**MAYOR MARVIN'S RULING**  
**Is That Lost Motion Are Not A Matter Of Record**

"Lost motions are not a matter of record." This was the ruling of Mayor W. E. Marvin at a recent meeting of the city council, and the councilmen are now wondering as to the real meaning of a yea and nay vote. It has always been the impression here that a yea and nay vote was for the purpose of placing the voters on record, but this is all destroyed in the mayor's latest addition to the rules of the council, says the Boston Herald.  
The matter was brought up at the last week meeting, when Councilman Boynton inquired why his motion to lay the matter of the election of the assistant engineers on the table was not on the clerk's records. Mayor Marvin then stated that lost motions were not recorded.

The motion was made by Mr. Boynton that the election of the assistant engineers of the fire department be laid over for a time until it was seen whether a reorganization of the department was to be made. Mayor Marvin declared the motion lost, and Mr. Boynton called for the yea and nay vote with the result that the five Democrats voted against the motion, and it was lost. At the next meeting the motion of the yea and nay vote was not a part of the record, and Mr. Boynton's inquiry led to the above ruling by the mayor.

That Mayor Marvin is in absolute control of the council has been evident since it has been in office. It is claimed that it is not uncommon for him to make a motion, declare it seconded and carried without a councilman saying a word.

At a recent meeting a general laughter went about the room over a decision of the mayor. It was on a motion to elect a superintendent of Haven Park. When the ayes were called four or five voices responded, and when the nays were asked for Councilman Cullen alone responded, but Mayor Marvin declared the motion lost. A yea and nay vote was called for, and the Democrats responded to the call and sustained the mayor's opinion.

In the matter of recording a yea and nay vote, one or two of the former city clerks declared that it was the strangest ruling they had ever heard. They always understood that the yea and nay vote was for a matter of record, and they had always made it so. One city clerk declared that if he had been in office he would have made the record, ruling or no ruling by the mayor.

The Rev. G. W. Gile has again stirred up the scholars of the high school and their parents on the subject of dances in the assembly hall of the high school building. This matter was the cause of an inquiry by a committee of the ministers, but no action was taken, and it was supposed that the matter had been dropped.

The members of the board of instruction claim that in giving the upper classes permission to hold the dances in the school hall, under the direction of the principal, they were acting within their authority, and that it was also for the benefit of the school. Principal Knapp says the dances are under the direct supervision of the teachers, where otherwise the classes would hold them in outside halls and not have such supervision.

When the matter was brought up a short time ago, President Tucker of the senior class sent out inquiries, and over 90 per cent. of the parents answered that they were in favor of the dances being held at the school; the remainder did not make any answer at all. On this ground the members of the class claim that they are justified in holding the monthly dances. If they cannot have the assembly hall, they will hold them in outside halls.

The board of instruction does not meet until next month, and it is very doubtful if any action is taken on the matter.

**THE THEATRICAL FOLK**

**The Colonial Stock Company**  
Beginning today the Colonial Stock Company will open an engagement at Music Hall with matinees daily. This company has received excellent notices in every city where it has played, and will be seen in this city in some of the latest and most successful metropolitan successes. The players composing the Colonial Stock Company have been selected with the utmost care and attention, no expense being spared in making one of the best repertoire organizations now on the road.

The company is headed by that clever young actor Rollo Lloyd, who has a far famed reputation as being one of the most emotional and talented leading men in the repertoire business. Mr. Lloyd possesses every qualification essential to a leading man, being possessed of a pleasing personality, a fine voice, inherent talent, and a fine stage appearance.

Mr. Lloyd puts his whole personality into the part he is playing and has achieved wonderful success everywhere. Mr. Lloyd is surrounded by a company of par excellence, one that cannot be easily duplicated. Every member has been selected on his or her individual merit and is thoroughly fitted for the several positions in the company. The plays, many of which have never before been presented in this city, will be presented with special scenery, special cars being required for the large amount, and every performance will be given the individual attention of the stage manager.

Besides the regular performances, a list of specialties is carried that will prove a revelation to the popular priced theatre goers, consisting of Vonder and Bellmare, comedy acrobats, the big musical team of Cook and Hall and many others. Ladies' night Monday.

**"The Matchmaker"**  
Daniel Sully and his company gave two performances of his new play, "The Matchmaker," before good audiences at the Jefferson theatre Saturday afternoon and evening. "The Matchmaker" was written for Mr. Sully to succeed "The Parish Priest," and a worthy successor it is, says the New York Times.

The scene of the Matchmaker is laid in one of the boom towns of Idaho and the action of the play is rather novel, owing to the fact that it covers exactly the period of time required to present it.

In brief, it tells the story of a ranchman who becomes infatuated with his young ward, the child of a former partner. In his endeavor to keep her from marrying a young mining expert, he threatens to expose the fact that the girl's father had forged his name to a note for a good sized sum. He tells the good priest he will not use the evidence he has if the girl will consent to "throw over" the young lover.

The scene in which he asks the priest to plead with the girl and in which the good father defies him and destroys the only bit of evidence of the forgery, is one of the strongest in the play and made a most stirring climax.

Through the good offices of Father Daly, however, everything is finally straightened out. Incidental to the working out of the story, was introduced some most amusing comedy by a young tenderfoot, a daughter of the plains, an irascible colonel and a blushing widow.

Daniel Sully is admitted the best priest on the American stage and his Father Daly is a true type of the men who have carried the cross to the very outposts of civilization and devoted their lives to the advancement of religion in fields where the soil has not always been as fertile as it might, but where the need of cultivation could not be gainsaid. Brave as a lion where courage is required, kind at all times, stern where severity is called for, the Irish sense of humor cropping out constantly, and in some of the most incongruous never forgetting his Master, the frontier priest of "The Matchmaker" is one of the most interesting and delightful characters imaginable, and as depicted by Mr. Sully it is perfection itself.

**MANY VETS PASS AWAY**

A Washington dispatch says that in the last six months taps have been sounded over the graves of 28,006 pensioners of the Civil War, according to a statement of Pension Commissioner Warner last week. The total number of pensioners on July 1, 1905 was 684,608. On Dec. 31, it was 679,234.

**LONG LINE OF DECATURS**

The magazine supplement of the Boston Sunday Herald contains an illustrated page article of considerable local flavor on "Shall Uncle Sam's Navy Always Have a Stephen Decatur? The Name Has Been On The Rolls Since the Beginning, and Even Annapolis Hazines Have Not Broken the Line."

**GOT SEED LOBSTERS AT YORK HARBOR**

The steamer Carita which is engaged in the collection of seed lobsters left on Friday from Portland for York harbor where a collection of seed lobsters are to be bought and taken to the United States government hatchery at Boothby harbor.

**SPECIAL LOW RATES**

To all points in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia, February 15th to April 7th, 1906. Round Trip Homeseekers' Tickets on special days. Write at once for information and maps to Wm. Kelly, Traveling Agent, Wisconsin Central Railway, 290 Broadway, New York City.

**WANT ADS.**  
"UP" AS FOR SALE,  
WANTED, TO LET, LOST  
FOUND, ETC. . . . .  
**One Cent a Word.**  
For Each Insertion.  
**3 LINES ONE WEEK  
40 CENTS.**

**WANTED**—Manager for branch office to wish to locate here in Portsmouth. Address, with references, The Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. jan29,c,h,lu

**WANTED**—Ladies and gentlemen to take orders for new, original and very beautiful work. Good pay. Illustrated circular sent free. Wilson C. Jones, 224 Main Street, Brockton, Mass. jan29,c,h,lw

**WANTED**—Furnaces to take care of or general work of any kind. Wm. H. Greenough, No. 1 Manning St. jan29,c,hw

**WANTED**—Men or women local representatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write N. Y. Train, 10 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y. mehl8,c,f

**FOR SALE**—A 5 room, up-to-date seashore cottage. One of the finest spots on the New Hampshire coast. Address "S," care Chronicle. aug10,c,h,f

**FOR SALE**—14 room house and barn on Maplewood Ave. and Prospect St. Apply to C. E. Almy, 87 Market St.

**SAFE FOR SALE**—A good safe which cost \$200.00 can be purchased at a bargain. Address G. W. D., Chronicle office. tf

**TO LET**—House on Washington Street, vacant after Nov. 1st; furnace heat. Apply to Sugden Brothers, No. 3 Green Street. oct14,c,f

**TO LET**—10 room tenement cor. Cass and Washington Sts. Apply to C. E. Almy, 87 Market St.

**WREST SCORE CARDS** for sale at this office. sep19,c,h,f

**PRINTING**—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

**PLACARDS**—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, To Let, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

**WANTED**—Live agents in every town in New Hampshire and Maine to represent the New Hampshire Gazette. Address this office.

**PIANO FOR SALE**—Parlor Grand upright, only three years old; but little used. Owner leaving town reason for selling at very low figure. Call at once, Dr. Robinson, New Castle, N. H. jan29,b,h,t

**TEN FACE BRICKLAYERS WANTED** at K. S. Mosley estate, Lorton Mill Road, Newburyport, Mass. Apply to Contractor on the premises. jan29,c,h,lw

**Boston Tavern.**  
Ready to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.  
Ordway Pl. & 347 Washington St.  
  
**STRICTLY FIREPROOF.**  
European Plan.  
**PRIVATE DINING ROOMS**  
THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES  
A SPECIALTY.

**THOMAS E. CALL & SON**  
—DEALER IN—  
Eastern and Western

**LUMBER**  
Shingles, Clapboards, Pickets, Etc.  
For Cash at Lowest Market Prices.  
Market Street, — Portsmouth N. H.

**BOOKBINDING**  
Of Every Description.  
Blank Books Made to Order  
**J. D. RANDALL**  
Over Fay's Store, Portsmouth, N. H.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**  
**F. S. TOWLE, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.  
Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 2 to 6 and 7 to 9 p. m.  
**A. D. YORKE, M.D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
17 COURT ST.  
OFFICE HOURS—Until 9 a. m.; 2 to 6 and 7 to 9 p. m.  
TELEPHONE 142-4

**J. W. BARRETT,**  
**Plumbing and Heating.**  
Telephone Connection.  
NO. 17 BOW ST.

1906 1906  
**FRANK J. BICKFORD,**  
WALL PAPERS  
ROOM MOULDINGS  
65 CONGRESS ST.  
1906 1906

**George A. Jackson**  
**CARPENTER**  
—AND—  
**BUILDER,**  
No. 6 Dearborn Street  
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

**W. J. MANSON,**  
**CARPENTER AND BUILDER.**  
JOBBING OF ALL KINDS  
PROPTLY ATTENDED  
Address Cor. Dennett and Belknap 3

**Granite State Fire Insurance Co.**  
Of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000  
**OFFICERS**  
CALVIN PAGE, President.  
J. ALBERT WALKER, Vice President.  
ALFRED F. HOWARD, Secretary.  
JOHN W. EMERY, Asst. Secretary.  
ALBERT WALLACE, JOSEPH O. HOBBS, Executive Committee.

**H. W. NICKERSON**  
LICENSED EMBALMER  
—AND—  
**FUNERAL DIRECTOR.**  
5 Daniel Street, Portsmouth  
Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller Avenue, or 11 Gates Street will receive prompt attention.  
Telephone at office and residence.

**HARRY M. TUCKER**  
**INSURANCE.**  
38 Middle St.

FOR SALE—Farm, 20 acres, will keep 4 cows and horse; 6 room house, cistern, never failing well, barn 34x36, shed 21x36.

**Grand Union Hotel**  
Rooms From \$1.00 For Day Up  
Opposite Grand Central Station  
New York  
**BAGGAGE FREE**





Valuable  
Advice Given By  
**Madame  
Catoma**  
OF BOSTON

The Greatest Living Naturally  
Gifted Clairvoyant, Famous  
Planet Reader and Teacher  
of Palmistry.

She foretold the drowning accident at Old Orchard beach in 1902 and can show testimonials to that effect and many other predictions. By her wonderful power she tells the most successful course to pursue in life. She is the greatest expert and best adviser on BUSINESS INVESTMENTS, LAW-SUITS LOVE and MARRIAGE. She tells how to win the one you love, who and when you will marry, locates absent friends, lost treasures, unites the separated and tells how to succeed in business; in fact she will help you in all your troubles. Madame Catoma is not a false pretender of the science of Palmistry, and Mediumship, but a Reliable Adviser in all matters, and so acknowledged by all her patrons. Consult her; a visit will convince the most skeptical that she has no equal.

Positively no charge unless entirely satisfactory.

Hours—1 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.

HERE FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY.

22 PLEASANT ST. PORTSMOUTH  
Opposite Hotel Merrick.

**Chas. E. Almy.**

**INSURANCE**

Fire, Life, Accident,

Fidelity Bonds, Boiler,  
Plate Glass, Health

**REAL ESTATE**

For Sale  
To Let

Houses, Tenements and Land.

**Chas. E. Almy,**

87 Market Street.  
TELEPHONE 120.

**WANTED**

**An Opportunity**

To make you  
HAPPY by in-  
stalling a GUR-  
NEY HEATER  
in your house.

**No Dust  
No Dirt  
No Trouble**

The cost is

**SMALL**

The comfort

**CREAT**

**W. E. PAUL,**

45 Market St.,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

**FIREMEN'S**

**INSURANCE COMPANY**

Of Newark, N. J.

Organized 1855

Assets \$3,320,722

Ivey & George Agents

**PORTSMOUTH MAN**

Is Rev. Wm. A. Rand  
Of Seabrook

**WHO COMPLETED 39 YEARS  
SATURDAY**

As Missionary And Pastor Of The  
Little Church

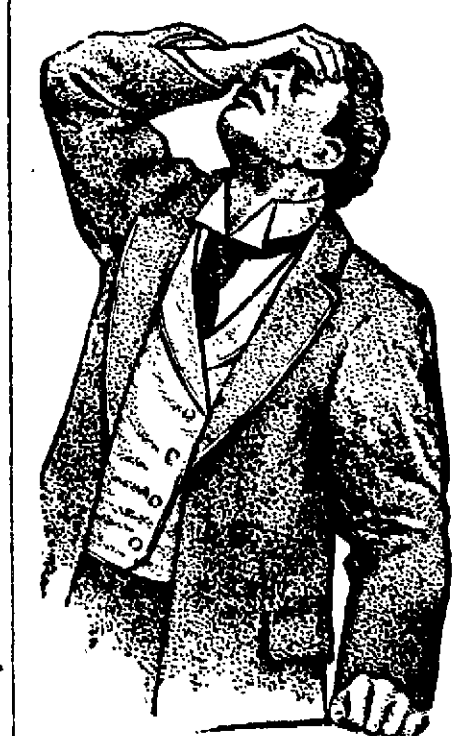
**NEW CHURCH TO REPLACE OLD ONE IS  
NOW BUILT**

Rev. William A. Rand, a native of Portsmouth, on Saturday, Jan. 27, rounded up thirty-nine years that he preached his first sermon to the Congregational Church worshippers at South Seabrook, and over which parish he has ever since been settled.

Early next month will be dedicated, it is expected, the new church there that has been built to replace one burned last summer. Nearly forty years in home missionary work is the record of the Rev. William A. Rand, who is in charge.

Elder Rand served with distinction in the civil war, and at its close decided to labor for the good of humanity. Having lived at Amesbury he knew of South Seabrook with its colony of poor fishermen, and in the village by the sea he decided to do his life work.

It was perhaps natural that the townspeople should resent the appearance among them of a missionary, as for generations they had lived with little to do with the outside world, but Elder Rand displayed considerable tact, and in the course of time gained the confidence of the people, and they showed a willingness and even an eagerness to follow his leadership. He believed that without a schoolhouse or meeting house no progress could be made, and in a few



**An Easy Way to Cure  
Splitting Headaches**

If headache sufferers would do a little hard thinking, they would surely learn that headaches of all kinds are simply results—warning signals—of far more serious trouble. Usually headache means that the blood and nerves are poisoned by an inactive and sluggish liver. Don't become one of the habitual headache sufferers, who explain their condition by saying, "Oh, I am subject to headaches. I always get headache if I get excited or it is too noisy." There is no need of it either. Stop taking headache powders and powerful drugs that may relieve, but leave you in worse condition in the end. Put your liver in good shape, so that it will carry off foul secretions and remove properly the bile elements from the blood. Use

**SMITH'S  
Pineapple and  
Butternut  
PILLS**

Nature's Laxative

and you won't have headache. Why? Just because these little pills are Nature's true laxative, and a positive cure for a torpid liver. They assist digestion, unblock the bile ducts, and cure headache by first removing the cause. These little Vegetable Pills

**Cure Constipation,  
Biliousness and Sick  
Headache in one night**

Price only 25 cents at all dealers.

**GEORGE A. TRAFTON**

Blacksmith and Expert Horse  
Shoer.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY.  
NO. 118 MARKET ST

public the children were receiving a

year's school education and a church bell was calling the people to worship. The prejudice, at first bitter, gradually wore away as Elder Rand impressed upon the people the fact that South Seabrook was his home, and that he should stay and endeavor to make them better men and women. There were many conflicts as to the ruling power, but the missionary possessed a fine physique, which, combined with a gentleness of manner impressed upon the people his strong personality. One of the determining factors was that he selected from his flock his life companion.

When the feeling against the elder was intense a vigorous specimen of manhood called upon an editor to air his alleged grievances against Elder Rand. The editor heard his story and remarked: "Why don't you lick him?" "I can't," was the prompt reply. This throws light on the physical side of the missionary. Subsequently the burly fisherman was one of the elder's best friends.

In 1867 the elder was licensed to preach by the Essex North Association; in 1875 he graduated at Andover Theological Seminary, and in the same year he was ordained to the ministry. He at once obtained an excellent standing among the southern New Hampshire Congregational Churches, and also with the churches of Essex north conference of eastern Massachusetts.

Under the auspices of the New Hampshire Home Missionary Society, with assistance from many friends in Newburyport and other cities and towns of Essex county, his cause has flourished.

Elder Rand is now in his 64th year and is still strenuous in his religious work. He is an ardent temperance man. He is chaplain of St. Mark's Masonic lodge of Newburyport, and an enthusiastic G. A. R. man. The Newburyport veterans make an annual trip to his church some Sunday in the early spring and the visit of his comrades fills the elder's heart with joy.

The Boston Sunday Herald gave an excellent portrait of the subject of this article.

**RECEPTION COMMITTEE**

Names Of Men To Welcome Gen.  
Taylor To This City

The following reception committee will act on the occasion of the lecture of Gen. Charles Taylor of the Boston Globe at Association Hall on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Warwick Club, and is here printed for the first time.

President F. S. Towle, Vice President W. D. Grace, Hon. W. E. Marvin, Hon. J. A. Walker, Hon. Calvin Page, Wallace Hackett, John Pender, J. E. Pickering, A. F. Howard, J. H. Bartlett, H. B. Yeaton, C. W. Gray, J. S. Whitaker, J. M. Washburn, H. O. Prime, T. L. Norris, L. W. Brewster, Dr. A. J. Lance, Dr. A. B. Sherburne, Howe Call, Thomas H. Rider, J. W. Kelley, A. A. Mooney, C. F. Shillaber, F. M. Sise, Gustave Peyser, Dr. E. B. Eastman, M. W. Ayers.

Hon. Calvin Page, a personal friend of Gen. Taylor, will be president of the evening.

**CITY COUNCIL**

It Will Hold Some Quiet Sessions This  
Week

Some strictly quiet meetings are to be held by order of Mayor Marvin at City Hall this week to deal with matters regarding the annual appropriation bill.

The city council will be in what is virtually informal executive sessions, and the general public, whom the annual appropriation bill is possibly supposed not to interest, will not be admitted.

It is understood that a new order of things will prevail, the Republican as well as the Democratic members participating.

**For Over Sixty Years**

Mrs. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, cures whooping cough, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

It is probable that Mayor Marvin will announce his committees at the municipal meeting of the present week.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulators. They operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

**TO SEE VALLEY FARM**

Oak Castle, K. G. E., Will Thus Enjoy  
Coming Anniversary

At a meeting of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, it was decided to have the Valley Farm Dramatic Company present its drama at the anniversary of Oak Castle on Wednesday, Feb. 28.

This company will also present its drama at Rye and Exeter. At the Castle's coming anniversary, ice cream and cake are also to be served.

**MR. MOULTON TALKS**

He Tells A Reporter About The Days  
Gone By

Edward J. Moulton, a member of the Board of Assessors of taxes of this city has just observed his eighty-second birthday. He is the oldest man holding a political position in this city or in fact in the state of New Hampshire, and he takes great pride in always having been a Democrat, says the Boston Post.

He was born in this city, and in his younger days followed the sea on ships that ran between here and Liverpool, also from San Francisco to Panama.

To a reporter Mr. Moulton told some interesting facts regarding navigation in his days as a sailor.

"Things are decidedly different now," said he. "Why in the year 1849 I shipped on the brig Coplapo on a trip from Panama to San Francisco, and besides working as a sailor I had to pay \$110.

"But that was nothing compared with the fare of a first-class passenger, which was from \$450 to \$500 or more. "In 1840 and 1843 the only transportation between this city and Boston for freight was by water, as the railroad was not built east of Newburyport.

"There were five schooners running from here to Boston, and a seaman was paid \$5 a trip. This was big money for us. At that time Portsmouth supplies the State of New Hampshire and port of Gloucester with most all the salt that was used and the biggest vessels that ran back and forth were less than 1000 tons."

Mr. Moulton is a member of the executive committee of the California pioneers of '49, and has for years attended the annual banquet of the New England association at Boston.

On Dec. 12 he was elected for the third time to the Board of Assessors. He served four terms as Alderman during the Civil war.

For fifty years he has been an Odd Fellow, and had recourse to the sick fund last week for the first time.

**LOCAL DASHES.**

The High School debating team intends to make the Lowell orators use their eloquence.

See "A Celebrated Case" presented by the Colonial Stock Company at Music Hall this evening.

The prophets now sorrowfully predict cold weather in February and March and a late spring.

If the mild weather continues, top-spinning will soon claim the attention of juvenile Portsmouth.

There should be no danger to the springs and brooks in the omission of the spring rains this year.

The question whether Portsmouth will have baseball representation next season is agitating the fans.

Some of those who claim to know the ways of birds say that a few robins always remain North all winter.

There has been a wonderful revival of interest in Portsmouth history and tradition within the past year or two. Can't look well, cat well or feel well with impure blood feeding your body. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean and you will have long life.

The whist parties given by Ivy Temple, Ladies of the Golden Eagle, have been the most popular this season.

Olivet Commandery, Knights of Malta, will entertain the members of Valeta Commandery of Dover tomorrow evening.

Portsmouth news is looked upon by the Boston papers as of more importance than they considered it before the peace conference.

**GAVE AN AT HOME FRIDAY EVENING**

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence I. Sherwood gave their last at home on Friday evening, and with a large company present.

The house was finely decorated with cut flowers, and during the event the

Misses Squire of Rye gave piano selections.

Assorted and wedding cake, preserved cherries, olives, confectionery and fruit punch were served.

**PEARLS FOR THE MARKET.**

Fresh Water Gems Cultivated for Sale in the Mississippi Basin.

The systematic culture of fresh-water pearls may easily become an important industry in the United States as the mollusk from which they are taken are very abundant in our lakes and rivers, says the Technical World Magazine. The Mississippi basin, especially, teems with them, presenting many forms which differ from those of the Atlantic watershed and other parts of the world.

The methods of culture are exceedingly simple as it is necessary only to open slightly the shell and insert a very small transparent glass bead, putting it between the mantle and the shell. Great care must be taken to avoid injury to the little animal; and in opening the shell a thin, flat iron tool with a wooden handle and a bent point should be used; a knife might answer for this purpose. When the point has been inserted it is turned around to an angle of about 90 degrees, the shell being thus partially opened without injury to the life within. After treatment, it must be returned to the water for a year or two, while the process of incrustation goes on.

**Taking No Chances.**

"Perhaps," suggested the waiter, "you would like a Welsh rabbit."

"No," said the austere customer, "I am a vegetarian."

"A Welsh rabbit is made of cheese, you know, sir."

"I know it. As I said before, I am a vegetarian."—Chicago Tribune.

**Reading Her Face.**

Mabel (not in her first youth)—First of all he held my hands and told my fortune; and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long, and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear?

Evie—Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling.—Punch.

**Invaluable.**

Norah—You take Tom out in your auto every day, don't you? He appears to be a necessary fixture in the machine.

Cora—He is. He's an automatic sparkler.—Cleveland Leader.

**He Got The Job.**

On December 6, 1877, a young French doctor sent in an application for a small post under the government and heard nothing more of the matter till a few days ago, when he was required to fill up a blank in order to get a nomination for the position he had applied for nearly 28 years before.

**Quoting an Ancestor.**

Lord Shaftesbury was sharpening a pencil one day, the lead of which continually broke. At about the tenth failure he remarked: "D—the pencil!" Perceiving one of his sons to be present, he saved the situation by adding: "As your poor grandfather would have said."—London Globe.

**Didn't Know His Name.**

Subeditor—Here's another letter from the man who signs himself "Vox Populi."

Editor—What's he want now? "He wants to know if we will kindly inform him what 'vox populi' means."—N. Y. Mail.

**OLIVER W. HAM.**

(Successor to Nathaniel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

**Furniture Dealer**

—AND—

**Undertaker.**

—

NIGHT CALLS A 62 and 61

Market street, or at residence cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

**Insurance With**

**Travelers?**

Company Guarantees For Annual Payment a Far Life And Endowment is Issued By Any Other

**TRAFTON,**

District Agent.

**THIS SALE SAVES DOLLARS.**



The "Red Tag Sale" now on in our Children's Department is a profitable one for Portsmouth parents. Many dollars have been saved by them so far and the opportunity is still open. Fathers and Mothers of Portsmouth mark well these prices: Children's Suits—White Tag Prices \$3.50 to \$4.50, Red Tag Price \$2.65. Children's Overcoats—White Tag Prices \$3.00 to \$6.00, Red Tag Prices \$2.45 to \$2.85. A few Reefers left, ages 3 to 10—White Tag Prices \$4.85 to \$6.00, Red Tagged at \$1.85.

**HENRY PEYSER & SON,**  
"Selling the Clothes of the Present."

**SO FAR**

Not a single competitor has been able to produce even an inferior Ale to put on the market as a substitute for our

**Lively Ale**

Perfection in brewing that has not been attained by any other Brewery makes this Ale so popular.

**The Frank Jones Brewing Co. Ltd.**

Brewers of the Famous Frank Jones Portsmouth Ales.

**The Victor Talking Machine**



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

**IS WITHOUT A PEER.**

It reproduces the voices of the world's greatest singers faultlessly. Come into THE UP-TO-DATE STORE and hear the great Tenor, CARUSO, and be convinced that all talking machines are not mechanical toys. New Records every month.

**Canney's, 67 Congress St.**

**THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR,**

AT BRITTON'S EXPRESS OFFICE,

22 DANIEL ST.

The Finest Line of Woolens for Men's Wear Now Ready.

CUSTOM WORK STRICTLY—REPAIRING AND CLEANSING

—SATISFACTION ASSURED:

Suits Cleaned \$1.00. --- Trousers 25c.

**THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR.**

Wood Letters, Scrolls and Ornaments for Signs a Specialty.

Plate Rail with Brackets and Combination

Plate Rail and Picture Moulding

Picture Mouldings to Match all Papers.

**GARDNER V. URCH**

No. 23 Hanover Street.

Residence Telephone 52-5.

**D. P. PENDEXTER,**

**Carpenter And Builder**

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES  
JOBING A SPECIALTY. ESTIMATES AND PLANS FURNISHED.  
D. P. Pendexter, - - - 13 Hanover St







WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

In Effect Oct. 9, 1906.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—2.25, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 7.25 p. m. Sunday 2.25, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.  
For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday 10.05, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.  
For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 10.05 a. m.  
For Old Orchard and Portland—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 10.05 a. m.  
For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.  
For Somersworth—9.55, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.  
For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday 10.05, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.  
For North Hampton and Hampton—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.  
For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains For Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 4.00, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.  
Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 6.00 p. m. Sunday 1.30 a. m., 12.45, 5.40 p. m.  
Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.45, 3.54, 6.32 p. m. Sunday 6.06 p. m.  
Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 4.07 p. m.  
Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 8.52, 6.11 p. m.  
Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.23, 10.30 a. m., 4.05, 6.24 p. m.  
Leave Dover—6.50, 10.25 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.  
Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sunday 6.10, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.  
Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sunday 6.15, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.  
Leave Greenland—9.25 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday 6.20, 10.18 a. m., 8.00 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:  
Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.  
Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.  
Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.  
Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.  
Raymond—9.30 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.  
Returning leave  
Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.  
Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.  
Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.  
Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 p. m., 5.15 p. m.  
Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.  
Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.  
Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.  
\*Via Dover and Western Division. Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points at the Station.  
T. E. SHAW, Ticket Agent.  
J. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing Sept. 11, 1906.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7.50 a. m., 7.50 a. m., and 10.05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8.05 p. m. and 9.05 p. m. The 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton. On Theatre Nights 10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.  
Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8.05 a. m. and hourly until 8.05 p. m.  
Leave Cable Road 7.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m. and 10.40 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m. Leave Sagamore Hill, Sundays only, for Market Sq. at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at 7.25 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and a 10.35 and 11.05 p. m. Up Middle street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.  
Last cars each night run to car barn only.  
Running time to Plains, 13 minutes.

Christian Shore Loop.

Up Islington Street and Down Market Street—Leave Market Square at 7.25 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and a 10.35 and 11.05 p. m. Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station is, up Islington street, 15 minutes; and down Market street, 4 minutes.  
Last cars at night run to car barn only.

North Hampton Line—Week Days.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00, 11.55 a. m., 2.20 p. m., 5.05 and 6.25 p. m. Connecting with 7.28 a. m., 10.58, 11.5 a. m., 2.10 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 p. m. trains from Boston.  
Returning—Leave Portsmouth at 6. a. m.  
Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 3.00, 5.45, 7.05 p. m. Connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11.19 a. m. and 2.35 p. m. trains for Boston.  
Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 11.00 p. m., 11.00, 11.30, 7.35, 8.02, 10.02 p. m.  
Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 1.55 p. m., 4.15, 4.45, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.  
Sundays.  
Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 9.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m.  
Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 9.45 p. m.  
All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Bear's Head.  
\*Omitted Sundays.  
\*\*Omitted Sundays and Holidays.  
\*Make close connections for Portsmouth.  
\*Saturdays only.  
D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent  
WINSTON T. PERKINS, Supt. Intendant.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.  
Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 9.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m., 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.  
Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m., 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.00, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m., 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.00 p. m.  
\*Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
PERKINS GARST, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.  
Approved: W. W. MEAD, Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

Portsmouth, Dover & York St. Ry.

In Effect Sept. 18, 1905.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m. and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.  
For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m. and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.  
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.  
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.  
Cars leave Dover:  
For York Beach—8.05 a. m. and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.  
For Portsmouth Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m. and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.  
For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—8.30 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.  
Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:  
For Dover and Portsmouth—6.06 a. m. and hourly to 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.  
For York—8.00 a. m. and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.  
Leave York Beach:  
For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m. and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.  
For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m. and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.  
For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m. and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.  
Leave Sea Point:  
For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m. and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.  
Leave Rosemary Cottage:  
For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.  
Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.  
W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.  
Tel. Call—41-2, Portsmouth.

How Binks Milked the Cow

THE "real" cow which the Dinkers were to have with their summer farm finally appeared one evening, in company with a wild-headed boy, and when she had been turned into the yard, Mr. Binks went up to the house and said:  
"Well, she's here at last; and now for the romantic dairy business. Come over and look the winsome wee thing over, and see me do the milking act."  
She was a cow with a "crumpled horn." More than that, she was uncivilized and scrubby, and her eye did not have that frank, innocent expression always to be found in the humble-minded cow.  
"I don't like her looks," was Mrs. Binks' verdict, after a long survey.  
"What did you expect?" asked Binks. "Did you imagine she'd have two humps, like a camel, or a trunk like an elephant? A cow is a cow. If you are looking for a rhinoceros or a buffalo you'll have to go further."  
"I've seen cows before," replied the lady, with a little peep in her tones. "She may be better than she looks; but I think you'll be disappointed in her. She's evidently very common stock."  
"Oh, she is, eh? That shows how much you know about cows. She's pure Leghorn."  
"I never heard of a Leghorn cow," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.  
"Haven't you? That's wonderful! Perhaps you never heard of a South-down or a Merino cow? There are lots of things for you to learn yet, especially about farming. I don't say this cow is handsome, or as graceful as an antelope; but what we are after is milk and cream. She's a Leghorn, if I know anything about cows, and she'll probably have to be milked about five or six times a day. I will now open the performance."  
"I don't believe you have ever milked a cow in your life," she said.  
"Don't you? Well, prepare for a surprise. The day you put on short dresses I milked 10 cows and churned 20 pounds of butter. I may be rusty, but—"  
"But what?"  
"I was just thinking whether you milked a Leghorn cow on the right or left side. It's on the left, I think."  
"All cows are milked on the right-hand side, Mr. Binks."  
"Perhaps so; but we'll try this one on the left. I'll use that old scap-bag for a milk stool. You can sit down on that stone and sing while I play the dairymaid. This was one of the things that induced me to hire this farm for the summer—coming out to milk our own Leghorn cow as the shades of evening—"  
The shades of evening didn't fall, but the cow picked up a hind foot, and sent the milk pail whirling 20 feet away, and as Mr. Binks dodged he fell off the box.  
"By the mud of New Jersey," he shouted, as he turned over and got up. "But I'll have her life to pay for this!"  
"I told you it was the wrong side," cried his wife.  
"Wrong side be hang it! What's the difference to a cow? She's here to be milked, and she can't have her own way about things. If she tries that little game on me again I'll break her in two! We'll drive her into a corner over there. Come to remember, Leghorn cows always have to be driven into a corner to be milked."  
This time Binks approached her on the right-hand side, and after patting her hip in a fatherly way for a minute, he said:  
"When, now, and back up! That's the style! Mrs. Binks, you walk up and down and sing something. What this cow looks is confidence in us. She can't tell what our designs are. Sing a couple of verses of 'Come Into the Garden, Maud' and give her to understand that she is among friends."  
"And you to easy in taking hold. Some cows have to be petted, you know."  
"I'll attend to the petting business. I know this is the right side, after all; but I'll have her taught to be milked on both sides within a week. I want no one-sided cows around me. Jee-whit what was that?"  
The cow had lifted both hind feet at once, but missed both pail and Mr. Binks.  
"You never milked a cow in all your life," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.  
"Then I'll begin now, or perish in the attempt!" he shouted. "Confound

her! don't she think this is a circus, and she is trying to jump backward through a paper hoop? Back up, or look out for a storm! Now then, start that singing again. Never milked a cow! I'll show you whether I ever did or not!"  
Mr. Binks started in with a grim determination.  
Once or twice in his life he had seen a man milk a cow. He distinctly remembered that it was ad hand work, and that a milkman was employed either above or below. Mrs. Binks and the second line of the song, when the cow made a sudden movement with her left leg. It was a combination of football, sliding for a base, and forked lightning. The milk pail flew past her, and hit the fence with a bang that Mr. Binks, and his wife, and grim determination flew the other way. He wasn't exactly sure what had happened, and he asked no question until his breath returned, and he could sit up.  
Then he cried:  
"Was it the cow?"  
"It was the cow," answered Mrs. Binks. "I told you that you know nothing about milking."  
"She did, kicked me did she?"  
"She did. Give me the pail, and I'll see what I can do. You had better go in and lie down."  
"I think I will for a minute or two, and then I'll come out and see who licked the cow and made her kick me! I'll break her damned back with the trident!"  
Mrs. Binks got the pail and box, and sat down to the cow. Ten minutes later she entered the house.  
"Well, Mr. Binks, Green has given you a nice sort of a cow, hasn't he?"  
"Did you milk her?" he growled.  
"There's no milk to be had. She hasn't been a milk cow. If I were you—"  
"Stop! I am now in what is probably a dying state, having received a ten-thousand-pound blow in the pit of the stomach. If I die you will have accomplished your cold-blooded purpose; if I survive until morning you and I and the cow will have a little talk, and straighten things out!"  
"But what did I do?"  
"Never you mind. A woman who will kick a cow to make that cow kick and kill her husband is guilty of murder, and she's no wife of mine. Just keep away from me until I die or recover, and then this thing can be settled in about two minutes!"  
"And you say I kicked the cow?"  
But Mr. Binks only glared at her for a moment, and then turned his face to the wall, and refused to speak again. The iron had entered his soul.—N. Y. Weekly.

How Binks Milked the Cow

THE "real" cow which the Dinkers were to have with their summer farm finally appeared one evening, in company with a wild-headed boy, and when she had been turned into the yard, Mr. Binks went up to the house and said:  
"Well, she's here at last; and now for the romantic dairy business. Come over and look the winsome wee thing over, and see me do the milking act."  
She was a cow with a "crumpled horn." More than that, she was uncivilized and scrubby, and her eye did not have that frank, innocent expression always to be found in the humble-minded cow.  
"I don't like her looks," was Mrs. Binks' verdict, after a long survey.  
"What did you expect?" asked Binks. "Did you imagine she'd have two humps, like a camel, or a trunk like an elephant? A cow is a cow. If you are looking for a rhinoceros or a buffalo you'll have to go further."  
"I've seen cows before," replied the lady, with a little peep in her tones. "She may be better than she looks; but I think you'll be disappointed in her. She's evidently very common stock."  
"Oh, she is, eh? That shows how much you know about cows. She's pure Leghorn."  
"I never heard of a Leghorn cow," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.  
"Haven't you? That's wonderful! Perhaps you never heard of a South-down or a Merino cow? There are lots of things for you to learn yet, especially about farming. I don't say this cow is handsome, or as graceful as an antelope; but what we are after is milk and cream. She's a Leghorn, if I know anything about cows, and she'll probably have to be milked about five or six times a day. I will now open the performance."  
"I don't believe you have ever milked a cow in your life," she said.  
"Don't you? Well, prepare for a surprise. The day you put on short dresses I milked 10 cows and churned 20 pounds of butter. I may be rusty, but—"  
"But what?"  
"I was just thinking whether you milked a Leghorn cow on the right or left side. It's on the left, I think."  
"All cows are milked on the right-hand side, Mr. Binks."  
"Perhaps so; but we'll try this one on the left. I'll use that old scap-bag for a milk stool. You can sit down on that stone and sing while I play the dairymaid. This was one of the things that induced me to hire this farm for the summer—coming out to milk our own Leghorn cow as the shades of evening—"  
The shades of evening didn't fall, but the cow picked up a hind foot, and sent the milk pail whirling 20 feet away, and as Mr. Binks dodged he fell off the box.  
"By the mud of New Jersey," he shouted, as he turned over and got up. "But I'll have her life to pay for this!"  
"I told you it was the wrong side," cried his wife.  
"Wrong side be hang it! What's the difference to a cow? She's here to be milked, and she can't have her own way about things. If she tries that little game on me again I'll break her in two! We'll drive her into a corner over there. Come to remember, Leghorn cows always have to be driven into a corner to be milked."  
This time Binks approached her on the right-hand side, and after patting her hip in a fatherly way for a minute, he said:  
"When, now, and back up! That's the style! Mrs. Binks, you walk up and down and sing something. What this cow looks is confidence in us. She can't tell what our designs are. Sing a couple of verses of 'Come Into the Garden, Maud' and give her to understand that she is among friends."  
"And you to easy in taking hold. Some cows have to be petted, you know."  
"I'll attend to the petting business. I know this is the right side, after all; but I'll have her taught to be milked on both sides within a week. I want no one-sided cows around me. Jee-whit what was that?"  
The cow had lifted both hind feet at once, but missed both pail and Mr. Binks.  
"You never milked a cow in all your life," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.  
"Then I'll begin now, or perish in the attempt!" he shouted. "Confound

her! don't she think this is a circus, and she is trying to jump backward through a paper hoop? Back up, or look out for a storm! Now then, start that singing again. Never milked a cow! I'll show you whether I ever did or not!"  
Mr. Binks started in with a grim determination.  
Once or twice in his life he had seen a man milk a cow. He distinctly remembered that it was ad hand work, and that a milkman was employed either above or below. Mrs. Binks and the second line of the song, when the cow made a sudden movement with her left leg. It was a combination of football, sliding for a base, and forked lightning. The milk pail flew past her, and hit the fence with a bang that Mr. Binks, and his wife, and grim determination flew the other way. He wasn't exactly sure what had happened, and he asked no question until his breath returned, and he could sit up.  
Then he cried:  
"Was it the cow?"  
"It was the cow," answered Mrs. Binks. "I told you that you know nothing about milking."  
"She did, kicked me did she?"  
"She did. Give me the pail, and I'll see what I can do. You had better go in and lie down."  
"I think I will for a minute or two, and then I'll come out and see who licked the cow and made her kick me! I'll break her damned back with the trident!"  
Mrs. Binks got the pail and box, and sat down to the cow. Ten minutes later she entered the house.  
"Well, Mr. Binks, Green has given you a nice sort of a cow, hasn't he?"  
"Did you milk her?" he growled.  
"There's no milk to be had. She hasn't been a milk cow. If I were you—"  
"Stop! I am now in what is probably a dying state, having received a ten-thousand-pound blow in the pit of the stomach. If I die you will have accomplished your cold-blooded purpose; if I survive until morning you and I and the cow will have a little talk, and straighten things out!"  
"But what did I do?"  
"Never you mind. A woman who will kick a cow to make that cow kick and kill her husband is guilty of murder, and she's no wife of mine. Just keep away from me until I die or recover, and then this thing can be settled in about two minutes!"  
"And you say I kicked the cow?"  
But Mr. Binks only glared at her for a moment, and then turned his face to the wall, and refused to speak again. The iron had entered his soul.—N. Y. Weekly.

How Binks Milked the Cow

THE "real" cow which the Dinkers were to have with their summer farm finally appeared one evening, in company with a wild-headed boy, and when she had been turned into the yard, Mr. Binks went up to the house and said:  
"Well, she's here at last; and now for the romantic dairy business. Come over and look the winsome wee thing over, and see me do the milking act."  
She was a cow with a "crumpled horn." More than that, she was uncivilized and scrubby, and her eye did not have that frank, innocent expression always to be found in the humble-minded cow.  
"I don't like her looks," was Mrs. Binks' verdict, after a long survey.  
"What did you expect?" asked Binks. "Did you imagine she'd have two humps, like a camel, or a trunk like an elephant? A cow is a cow. If you are looking for a rhinoceros or a buffalo you'll have to go further."  
"I've seen cows before," replied the lady, with a little peep in her tones. "She may be better than she looks; but I think you'll be disappointed in her. She's evidently very common stock."  
"Oh, she is, eh? That shows how much you know about cows. She's pure Leghorn."  
"I never heard of a Leghorn cow," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.  
"Haven't you? That's wonderful! Perhaps you never heard of a South-down or a Merino cow? There are lots of things for you to learn yet, especially about farming. I don't say this cow is handsome, or as graceful as an antelope; but what we are after is milk and cream. She's a Leghorn, if I know anything about cows, and she'll probably have to be milked about five or six times a day. I will now open the performance."  
"I don't believe you have ever milked a cow in your life," she said.  
"Don't you? Well, prepare for a surprise. The day you put on short dresses I milked 10 cows and churned 20 pounds of butter. I may be rusty, but—"  
"But what?"  
"I was just thinking whether you milked a Leghorn cow on the right or left side. It's on the left, I think."  
"All cows are milked on the right-hand side, Mr. Binks."  
"Perhaps so; but we'll try this one on the left. I'll use that old scap-bag for a milk stool. You can sit down on that stone and sing while I play the dairymaid. This was one of the things that induced me to hire this farm for the summer—coming out to milk our own Leghorn cow as the shades of evening—"  
The shades of evening didn't fall, but the cow picked up a hind foot, and sent the milk pail whirling 20 feet away, and as Mr. Binks dodged he fell off the box.  
"By the mud of New Jersey," he shouted, as he turned over and got up. "But I'll have her life to pay for this!"  
"I told you it was the wrong side," cried his wife.  
"Wrong side be hang it! What's the difference to a cow? She's here to be milked, and she can't have her own way about things. If she tries that little game on me again I'll break her in two! We'll drive her into a corner over there. Come to remember, Leghorn cows always have to be driven into a corner to be milked."  
This time Binks approached her on the right-hand side, and after patting her hip in a fatherly way for a minute, he said:  
"When, now, and back up! That's the style! Mrs. Binks, you walk up and down and sing something. What this cow looks is confidence in us. She can't tell what our designs are. Sing a couple of verses of 'Come Into the Garden, Maud' and give her to understand that she is among friends."  
"And you to easy in taking hold. Some cows have to be petted, you know."  
"I'll attend to the petting business. I know this is the right side, after all; but I'll have her taught to be milked on both sides within a week. I want no one-sided cows around me. Jee-whit what was that?"  
The cow had lifted both hind feet at once, but missed both pail and Mr. Binks.  
"You never milked a cow in all your life," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.  
"Then I'll begin now, or perish in the attempt!" he shouted. "Confound

her! don't she think this is a circus, and she is trying to jump backward through a paper hoop? Back up, or look out for a storm! Now then, start that singing again. Never milked a cow! I'll show you whether I ever did or not!"  
Mr. Binks started in with a grim determination.  
Once or twice in his life he had seen a man milk a cow. He distinctly remembered that it was ad hand work, and that a milkman was employed either above or below. Mrs. Binks and the second line of the song, when the cow made a sudden movement with her left leg. It was a combination of football, sliding for a base, and forked lightning. The milk pail flew past her, and hit the fence with a bang that Mr. Binks, and his wife, and grim determination flew the other way. He wasn't exactly sure what had happened, and he asked no question until his breath returned, and he could sit up.  
Then he cried:  
"Was it the cow?"  
"It was the cow," answered Mrs. Binks. "I told you that you know nothing about milking."  
"She did, kicked me did she?"  
"She did. Give me the pail, and I'll see what I can do. You had better go in and lie down."  
"I think I will for a minute or two, and then I'll come out and see who licked the cow and made her kick me! I'll break her damned back with the trident!"  
Mrs. Binks got the pail and box, and sat down to the cow. Ten minutes later she entered the house.  
"Well, Mr. Binks, Green has given you a nice sort of a cow, hasn't he?"  
"Did you milk her?" he growled.  
"There's no milk to be had. She hasn't been a milk cow. If I were you—"  
"Stop! I am now in what is probably a dying state, having received a ten-thousand-pound blow in the pit of the stomach. If I die you will have accomplished your cold-blooded purpose; if I survive until morning you and I and the cow will have a little talk, and straighten things out!"  
"But what did I do?"  
"Never you mind. A woman who will kick a cow to make that cow kick and kill her husband is guilty of murder, and she's no wife of mine. Just keep away from me until I die or recover, and then this thing can be settled in about two minutes!"  
"And you say I kicked the cow?"  
But Mr. Binks only glared at her for a moment, and then turned his face to the wall, and refused to speak again. The iron had entered his soul.—N. Y. Weekly.

How Binks Milked the Cow

THE "real" cow which the Dinkers were to have with their summer farm finally appeared one evening, in company with a wild-headed boy, and when she had been turned into the yard, Mr. Binks went up to the house and said:  
"Well, she's here at last; and now for the romantic dairy business. Come over and look the winsome wee thing over, and see me do the milking act."  
She was a cow with a "crumpled horn." More than that, she was uncivilized and scrubby, and her eye did not have that frank, innocent expression always to be found in the humble-minded cow.  
"I don't like her looks," was Mrs. Binks' verdict, after a long survey.  
"What did you expect?" asked Binks. "Did you imagine she'd have two humps, like a camel, or a trunk like an elephant? A cow is a cow. If you are looking for a rhinoceros or a buffalo you'll have to go further."  
"I've seen cows before," replied the lady, with a little peep in her tones. "She may be better than she looks; but I think you'll be disappointed in her. She's evidently very common stock."  
"Oh, she is, eh? That shows how much you know about cows. She's pure Leghorn."  
"I never heard of a Leghorn cow," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.  
"Haven't you? That's wonderful! Perhaps you never heard of a South-down or a Merino cow? There are lots of things for you to learn yet, especially about farming. I don't say this cow is handsome, or as graceful as an antelope; but what we are after is milk and cream. She's a Leghorn, if I know anything about cows, and she'll probably have to be milked about five or six times a day. I will now open the performance."  
"I don't believe you have ever milked a cow in your life," she said.  
"Don't you? Well, prepare for a surprise. The day you put on short dresses I milked 10 cows and churned 20 pounds of butter. I may be rusty, but—"  
"But what?"  
"I was just thinking whether you milked a Leghorn cow on the right or left side. It's on the left, I think."  
"All cows are milked on the right-hand side, Mr. Binks."  
"Perhaps so; but we'll try this one on the left. I'll use that old scap-bag for a milk stool. You can sit down on that stone and sing while I play the dairymaid. This was one of the things that induced me to hire this farm for the summer—coming out to milk our own Leghorn cow as the shades of evening—"  
The shades of evening didn't fall, but the cow picked up a hind foot, and sent the milk pail whirling 20 feet away, and as Mr. Binks dodged he fell off the box.  
"By the mud of New Jersey," he shouted, as he turned over and got up. "But I'll have her life to pay for this!"  
"I told you it was the wrong side," cried his wife.  
"Wrong side be hang it! What's the difference to a cow? She's here to be milked, and she can't have her own way about things. If she tries that little game on me again I'll break her in two! We'll drive her into a corner over there. Come to remember, Leghorn cows always have to be driven into a corner to be milked."  
This time Binks approached her on the right-hand side, and after patting her hip in a fatherly way for a minute, he said:  
"When, now, and back up! That's the style! Mrs. Binks, you walk up and down and sing something. What this cow looks is confidence in us. She can't tell what our designs are. Sing a couple of verses of 'Come Into the Garden, Maud' and give her to understand that she is among friends."  
"And you to easy in taking hold. Some cows have to be petted, you know."  
"I'll attend to the petting business. I know this is the right side, after all; but I'll have her taught to be milked on both sides within a week. I want no one-sided cows around me. Jee-whit what was that?"  
The cow had lifted both hind feet at once, but missed both pail and Mr. Binks.  
"You never milked a cow in all your life," exclaimed Mrs. Binks.  
"Then I'll begin now, or perish in the attempt!" he shouted. "Confound

her! don't she think this is a circus, and she is trying to jump backward through a paper hoop? Back up, or look out for a storm! Now then, start that singing again. Never milked a cow! I'll show you whether I ever did or not!"  
Mr. Binks started in with a grim determination.  
Once or twice in his life he had seen a man milk a cow. He distinctly remembered that it was ad hand work, and that a milkman was employed either above or below. Mrs. Binks and the second line of the song, when the cow made a sudden movement with her left leg. It was a combination of football, sliding for a base, and forked lightning. The milk pail flew past her, and hit the fence with a bang that Mr. Binks, and his wife, and grim determination flew the other way. He wasn't exactly sure what had happened, and he asked no question until his breath returned, and he could sit up.  
Then he cried:  
"Was it the cow?"  
"It was the cow," answered Mrs. Binks. "I told you that you know nothing about milking."  
"She did, kicked me did she?"  
"She did. Give me the pail, and I'll see what I can do. You had better go in and lie down."  
"I think I will for a minute or two, and then I'll come out and see who licked the cow and made her kick me! I'll break her damned back with the trident!"  
Mrs. Binks got the pail and box, and sat down to the cow. Ten minutes later she entered the house.  
"Well, Mr. Binks, Green has given you a nice sort of a cow, hasn't he?"  
"Did you milk her?" he growled.  
"There's no milk to be had. She hasn't been a milk cow. If I were you—"  
"Stop! I am now in what is probably a dying state, having received a ten-thousand-pound blow in the pit of the stomach. If I die you will have accomplished your cold-blooded purpose; if I survive until morning you and I and the cow will have a little talk, and straighten things out!"  
"But what did I do?"  
"Never you mind. A woman who will kick a cow to make that cow kick and kill her husband is guilty of murder, and she's no wife of mine. Just keep away from me until I die or recover, and then this thing can be settled in about two minutes!"  
"And you say I kicked the cow?"  
But Mr. Binks only glared at her for a moment, and then turned his face to the wall, and refused to speak again. The iron had entered his soul.—N. Y. Weekly.

How Binks Milked the Cow

THE "real" cow which the Dinkers were to have with their summer farm finally appeared one evening, in company with a wild-headed boy, and when she had been turned into the yard, Mr. Binks went up to the house and said:  
"Well, she's here at last; and now for the romantic dairy business. Come over and look the winsome wee thing over, and see me do the milking act."  
She was a cow with a "crumpled horn." More than that, she was uncivilized and scrubby, and her eye did not have that frank, innocent expression always to be found in the humble-minded cow.  
"I don't like her looks," was Mrs. Binks' verdict, after a long survey.  
"What did you expect?" asked Binks. "Did you imagine she'd have two humps, like a camel, or a trunk like an elephant? A cow is a cow. If you are looking for a rhinoceros or a buffalo you'll have to go further."  
"I



SUN RISES ..... 7:31 | MOON SETS ..... 10:10 P. M.  
 SUN SETS ..... 4:54 | MOON RISES ..... 12:30 A. M.  
 LENGTH OF DAY ..... 11:57 | FULL MOON ..... 10:43 P. M.

First Quarter, Feb. 1st, 7h. 31m., morning, E.  
 Full Moon, Feb. 9th, 2h. 56m., morning, W.  
 Last Quarter, Feb. 15th, 11h. 22m., evening, E.  
 New Moon, Feb. 23d, 2h. 57m., morning, E.

MONDAY, JAN. 29, 1906.

## CITY BRIEFS.

January's finish is almost at hand. Has anyone seen any symptoms of skating lately?

Portsmouth is eagerly awaiting the appropriation bill.

"No snow" has been a familiar diary entry this winter.

Winter is nearly half over, according to the almanac.

There will be plenty doing at Music Hall this week.

The oranges now in the market are of excellent quality.

It is said that the ground is almost entirely without frost.

Have you put in a bid for destroying the brown-tail moth?

Music Hall will furnish plenty of entertainment this week.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Smelts from Great Bay are by no means plentiful this winter.

This week will be marked by several interesting local events.

Numerous real estate changes have lately been recorded in this city.

Members of the Country Club are planning a series of social dances.

The street department will have all the work it can do the coming spring.

The police record for the first month of the new year will be a long one.

The traditional goat will soon announce the spring beverage—hock beer.

Who will be the Portsmouth veterans of the war against the brown-tail moths?

If the city fathers have their way, the brown-tail moth nests will never bloom.

Hot-house cucumbers, we are told, will appear in the market in about two weeks.

The old Farmer's Almanac has come pretty near hitting it on the weather up to date.

The State Council of the Daughters of Liberty will be held in this city this year.

The Christian Shore Social Club partook of steamed clams on Sunday. Liked 'em, too.

No bids have so far been received by the city for the removal of the brown-tail moth nests.

Oak Castle, No. 4, Knights of the Golden Eagle, will royally observe its coming anniversary.

Alpha Council, No. 83, Royal Arcanum, is planning to have a ladies' night of unusual interest.

The sawmill that has been in operation for the past month at Rye Center has been moved to Foye's Corner.

The Mohawk Club is to put on a concert to be followed by a dance and they are to work some new features for the same.

The coming annual session of the State Young Men's Christian Association in this city will attract wide-spread attention.

The refusal of City Clerk Moran to perform the marriage ceremony has interested the out of town papers in the opinions of that official.

The would-be brown-tail moth destroyers are wondering whether they will do better to submit their bids to do the job by the lot, day or dozen.

Scores patronized the Turner Art Exhibit at the local Y. M. C. A. on Saturday. The exhibit includes many superb reproductions and was much enjoyed.

The Epworth League of the Methodist Church has a business meeting and social this (Monday) evening at the home of Miss Miriam Schuman, Middle road.

Not a few of those who patronized the Turner Art Exhibit at the Y. M. C. A. were possessed of the idea that they were looking at the originals of the famous paintings named on the catalog.

Several members of the Christian Shore Social Club have placed orders for motor boats, to be delivered in time for the opening of the coming season. Harry Palfrey has ordered a 20-foot power-dory, and Charles Fernald an 18-foot one. These will make seven power boats belonging to members of that club, and will entitle the organization to call itself a yacht club if it is so minded.

## LOOKS BLUE

Yards And Docks Cut-Down  
A Serious MatterTHE PRESSURE ALREADY BEGINNING  
TO BE FELT

Orders were received at the navy yard on Saturday from Washington to make a cut of twenty-four per cent. of the entire appropriation for maintenance which comes under the department of yards and docks. This means that instead of \$2500 being available for the month of February, but \$1660 can be used. This leaves but \$35 a day, which is not enough to maintain the central electric light plant. This plant, under a vote of Congress recently, took over all of the power plants of the yard, including construction, steam engineering and equipment. Under the head of maintenance comes all of the yard watchmen, the firemen, the members of the ferry boat crew and the workmen assigned to take care of the quarters and office buildings. With but \$35 a day it will be impossible to attempt to carry on the work as the rules and regulation require about all of the men that are now at work. The cut is caused by the failure of Congress to pass a deficiency bill.

## GIVEN TO DAUGHTER

Will of Hon. Charles Main Not Yet Filed

By twelve deeds of gift executed at San Francisco March 25, 1895, and sent to record at Exeter last Saturday evening, the late Hon. Charles Main, one of Portsmouth's most prominent and wealthiest citizens, and long a successful business man in San Francisco, conveyed to his daughter and sole heir, Mrs. Flora B. MacDermot of Oakland, California, upward of 150 acres of land, which constitute his attractive summer home on Lafayette road in this city. No will of Mr. Main has yet been filed in the registry of probate.

## WILL CELEBRATE

Firemen Are Always Glad for a Chance to Do That

The Franklin Pierce Veteran Firemen will celebrate on Thursday evening next, in honor of the opening of the addition made to their new quarters on Maplewood avenue. It is safe to say that there will be plenty doing and that everything that goes to make up a good time will be carried out by the "vets".

A feed and entertainment are planned for the evening, and indications point to a lot of fun for the red-shirt men of the Franklin Pierce and their guests.

## POLICE COURT

Judge Simms disposed of four cases in the municipal court this (Monday) forenoon, all for intoxication.

Joseph Beasley, arrested on Water street Saturday night, pleaded guilty as charged, and asked the court for a suspended sentence that he might take the right path, but the court could not see it and sent him to the county farm for three months and ordered a charge of costs, \$6.90.

Oscar Randall pleaded guilty to a drunk charge. Randall has never given the police any trouble and he got a suspended sentence of thirty days at Brentwood, with costs of court, \$6.13.

Albert Parrott, charged with being drunk on Porter street, pleaded guilty. Albert did not get a suspended sentence, but the court gave him two chances to make good. He told the court he could pay a fine later in the day, so the court set the regular Sunday price, \$10.00 fine and costs of \$6.90. If this is not forthcoming Parrott will have to serve three months at the county farm.

John Welch was picked up on Daniel street on Sunday and pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness. He told the court that he got his medicine on Saturday night and the jag lasted over Sunday; \$10.00 fine and costs of \$6.90 for John.

## TRIED AT EXETER

In the police court at Exeter on Saturday two Seabrook men, John C. Eaton and Owen P. Sargent, were arraigned before Judge Shute on the charge of keeping elder for sale. The raids were made the previous Sunday. The state was represented by Percy Gardner, while Judge Thomas Leavitt appeared for both men. The defendants were discharged.

## The Quality Piano

There is one piano in the making of which quality, and quality alone, is always the sole consideration. Since the day their factory was founded over 82 years ago, the makers of

## THE CHICKERING

have spared no effort and overlooked no opportunity to incorporate in this instrument every improvement that years of experience and constant study could suggest. And today it stands alone the embodiment of piano perfection.

## H. P. Montgomery,

Established 1865.

6 Pleasant St. Portsmouth

## PERSONALS.

James Goddard of Cass street has gone to West Derry to work.

Mrs. Oliver Boomer of Orient street, Malden, is visiting her parents in Kittery.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Gray of Richards avenue is ill with pneumonia.

Mr. Daniel A. Hill is seriously ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. O. Jenkins of State street.

Capt. William H. Reeder, U. S. N., sailed last week for the Mediterranean, on the steamship Princess Irene.

Mrs. Wilder D. Quint of Boston is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hutchings of State street.

Corporal Thomas Kennedy, U. S. A., formerly stationed at Fort Constitution, now at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, passed Sunday in this city.

Miss Etheldreda Hovey is the guest of the Misses Harrington, daughters of Rear Admiral P. F. Harrington, U. S. N., at the Norfolk, Va., navy yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman R. Garrett of Rockland street reached their silver wedding anniversary on Saturday, Jan. 27, and quietly observed the same.

William H. Moran, Portsmouth's city clerk, is depicted in the Boston Sunday Post by a portrait, and also letter text relating particularly to his decision not to perform marriage ceremonies.

Albert V. Dilley of Greenville, Pa., connected with the merchandise department of Filene's department store of Boston, was the guest of Mrs. Charles Test and son Russell on Sunday.

Postmaster Bartlett was called on Sunday to Lafayette, Ind., by the critical illness of his father, John Z. Bartlett of Sunapee, who is passing the winter with his son Delmar in the Western city.

Edward J. Moulton of this city, who has just observed his eighty-second birthday, was the subject of a portrait and sketch in the Boston Sunday Post. A record of his life was lately given in *The Chronicle*.

Captain William H. Parker, U. S. M. C., attached to the U. S. S. Olympia, has joined his wife in this city on ten days' leave of absence. The Olympia is the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron and is now at Hampton Roads.

Miss Agnes Mulcahy of the depot cafe has returned from Portland after two weeks at the bedside of her brother, Thomas Mulcahy, who has been dangerously ill but who is now improving, which is good news to a legion of friends in this city.

Mrs. Arthur P. Nazro and Miss Katherine Nazro, who sailed for the Mediterranean a fortnight since, are about arriving in Genoa, where they are to leave the steamer. The Nazros have gone abroad to join Commander Nazro, U. S. N., who has recently been ordered to that vicinity, and they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Morris Tredick of Malden, Mass., formerly of this city, are visiting their daughter, Miss Francis M. Tredick, at the home of the latter's grandmother, Mrs. Mary E. Mathes, of South street. Miss Tredick, who is a teacher at the Farragut school, expects to leave in March on an extended trip to California and other points.

Harry Snow of this city, now located in Worcester, Mass., is soon to put on a minstrel performance for a well known organization in that city. Harry was well known here for that work, and has many times conducted local entertainments, and with success. His friends are positive that he will make good in whatever he undertakes in the entertainment line.

Mrs. Mary I. Wood of this city, editor of *The Northern*, the official organ of the Maine and New Hampshire Federations of Women's Clubs, was the guest of Mrs. George C. Frye, Spring street, Portland, last week. Mrs. Wood had been in attendance at the mid-winter meeting of the Maine Federation and was a

guest at the mid-winter luncheon of the Portland W. L. U. at Riverton.

William K. Hill of Richards avenue has returned from a trip to New York.

Mrs. William H. Smith, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. E. Gerrish of Lynn, has returned home.

Miss Winifred Winslow of Beverly passed Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winslow of Summer street.

Rev. William Thompson, of St. Luke's Methodist Church of Derry, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Thompson of Greenland road.

Jerry Hudson of Madbury was here today looking over the trees about the city, regarding the brown-tail moth bid. Mr. Hudson is an expert on this matter and thinks he may give the city fathers a figure for the job.

Mrs. Casper F. Goodrich and Miss Gladys Goodrich returned last week to Mare Island after a month's stay at Honolulu. A few evenings ago Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Goodrich of San Francisco entertained a large dinner in honor of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Goodrich.

## AT THE NAVY YARD

The 15,000 ton battleship Rhode Island, now building at the Fore River Iron Works, Quincy, Mass., will probably be commissioned at the navy yard the early part of next month. The guns of her main battery only are now in position. The others will be placed in position after the vessel has been commissioned. She will be commanded by Captain Perry Garst, who until recently was captain of the Portsmouth navy yard.

Several of the boats destroyed by the recent fire at Newport were built here, and some of them were recently shipped from this station.

The yards and docks department has enough money for one job, that of unloading a cargo of coal that is daily expected.

Rumors of all kinds are flying thick and fast at the yard today.

Under the present conditions the work of remodeling the U. S. S. Topoka is not expected to be ordered rushed.

Harry Shaw, a clarinet player of Spring City, Pa., appeared at the yard today (Monday) for examination and admission to the marine band. Mr. Shaw has for some time been connected with a band at Reading, Pa.

The old frigate Constellation, well known here from many visits to this yard during the days of the wooden navy, narrowly escaped the fire at the Newport training station Saturday night, but a shift of wind saved her. She was always a lucky old boat.

The yards and docks department at the navy yard meets with a hard blow in the appropriation cut from \$2,500 to \$1,660 a month, which may last for the next six months. Prominent personages interested in the Portsmouth yard, *The Herald* is assured, will make every effort to have the naval deficiency item set aside in the House reinserted in the Senate.

The cut means many discharges and may lead up to the work of watchmen at the yard being performed by marines.

Already the engineer and fireman of the ferry boat 132 have been laid off, and their places have been filled by enlisted men from the yard tugs.

## OBITUARY

William S. Dore

William S. Dore died at his home at Kittery Point on Saturday night, aged eighty-two years, seven months and twenty-seven days. He had been a resident there many years.

## LIVELY RUNAWAY

Through Main Streets of City Sunday  
Afternoon

A lively runaway occurred on Sunday afternoon, and the party of four persons who occupied the open democrat wagon are congratulating themselves on their narrow escape. The horses took fright near the corner of Maplewood avenue and Bennett street and before the driver could get them under control one of the animals took the bit in his teeth and away they went. In turning the corner of Maplewood avenue near the depot the vehicle tipped and the four people were thrown out. Members of the Franklin Pierce Veteran Firemen's Association hurried out from the engine house, picked up the women and took them into the building. They were much frightened, but beyond a good shaking up they were uninjured. The wagon righted itself almost as soon as it tipped over and the horses continued their rapid pace down Vaughan street, across Congress and up Chestnut, and when turning near Dr. Parsons' residence one of the animals slipped and fell on the asphalt, which checked the speed of the other horse and ended the flying trip. A large crowd which witnessed the runaway say they never before saw such speed as those horses developed when coming down Vaughan street, and it looked as if one or the other or both would be injured in such a way that they would have to be killed. However, the only damage was to the seats and pole of the wagon, and a good fright and shaking up of those who for a time occupied the vehicle.

## PLAYED CARDS SUNDAY

And in Consequence, Got in a Peck of Trouble

Early Sunday morning Policemen Howe and McGaughey of Exeter found eleven men playing cards at a private residence on Court street in that town, and arrested them.

A keg partly full of beer was also confiscated, and clam and lobster shells showed that the party had been enjoying a feast. The men were taken to the station, where they were held until nine o'clock Sunday forenoon, when each was released on bail.

The men arrested are: James Deal, A. F. Smith, H. L. Smith, W. W. Smith, Tom Manix, C. J. Campbell, W. Hilliard, Olaf Hansen, F. C. Twombly, James Swinehammer and Frank French.

Some of those arrested are well known business men. They were arraigned in court this morning on the charge of playing cards on the Sabbath.

## WARRANT MACHINIST NOW

Formerly a Boilermaker at the Portsmouth Navy Yard

James F. Madden of Boston has been calling on friends in this city for a few days. Mr. Madden was a former boilermaker under Foreman Michael L. Long at this navy yard, and recently took an examination for a position as warrant officer in the navy. His examination was successful and he has been appointed and is now attached to the U. S. S. Wabash at Boston.

"Jim", as he was commonly called, is young in years but a thorough mechanic and his appointment is pleasing news to his old shopmates, who are sure that he will make good in the service of Uncle Sam.

## CANDIA OFFERS REWARD

The Town Will Give \$300 for Arrest of Firebugs

A reward of \$300 is offered by the town of Candia for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who set either of the fires that burned the buildings of W. G. Lang on June 21, 1904; Daniel F. Emerson on Aug. 11, 1905, and Edmund E. Smith on Nov. 19, 1905.

Notices to such effect have been issued by the selectmen, John D. Colby, Eugene W. Healey and John A. Holt.

## OBSEQUES

The funeral of Margaret A. Spinnery took place from the family home in Elliot at two o'clock this (Monday) afternoon. Rev. John A. Goss of York conducted the services. Interment was in the family lot under the direction of Undertaker H. W. Nickerson.

The funeral of Rhoda Dow occurred from the Home for Aged Women on Saturday afternoon at half-past two o'clock. Rev. J. L. Felt of



Balance of our Winter  
Stock of BOYS' SUITS,  
WINTER OVERCOATS  
and REEFERS. Mark  
Down to close out before  
Stock Taking

\$ 3.00 Suits, now .....	\$ 2.45	\$ 3.00 Overcoats, now .....	\$ 2.45
4.00 " " .....	3.05	4.00 " " .....	3.05
5.00 " " .....	3.95	5.00 " " .....	3.95
6.00 " " .....	4.45	6.00 " " .....	4.45
7.50 " " .....	5.45	7.50 " " .....	5.45
		8.00 " " .....	7.75
		10.00 " " .....	7.75
		12.50 " " .....	9.75

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.  
THE CLOTHIERS

## CHARLES J. WOOD.

Mr. Wood is now occupying his new store, formerly the office of the Rockingham National Bank, Pleasant Street, where he has accommodations for his increasing business. The public is cordially invited to visit Mr. Wood at his new place of business and inspect his new line of cloths.

## CHARLES J. WOOD,

Custom Tailor, Pleasant Street.

## Walden's Market, Vaughan Street.

MEATS,

VEGETABLES,

CANNED GOODS.

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY TO ALL PARTS OF CITY

Relating. Interment was in Proprietors' cemetery by Undertaker O. W. Ham.

## HIGH ART EXHIBITION

Maurice S. J. Ward of Worcester, Mass., known as "Steeple Steve", an expert at lofty painting of all kinds, was here on Sunday and painted the steel stack of the boiler house of James Roughan at the North End coal docks. A large crowd witnessed his work, which was done in quick time and without the least trouble.

## ATTENTION AUTOISTS

The Premier Quality car, air cooled, 16 to 24 H. P.; prices \$1250 to \$2250. Demonstration by appointment.

E. C. MORRILL,  
Badger's Island,  
Kittery, Me.

The small boy is looking forward to baseball days.

## Horse Shoeing

CARRIAGE WORK AND

BLACKSMITHING.

If your horse is not going right come and see us. We charge nothing for examination and consultation.

If you want your carriages or carts repaired, or new ones made, we will give you the benefit of our 45 years experience in this business without expense.

Sign Hanging and General Job Work  
Attended To.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

IRA C. SEYMOUR.

21-2 Linden St.

I offer for sale the stock of

## Goods and Fixtures

in the store

No. 31 Market Street,

Portsmouth, N. H.

The Stock comprises dry goods, fancy goods usually kept in dry goods stores, ladies' suits, skirts and hats; men's and boys' clothing, hats, caps, furnishing goods, trunks, bags, umbrellas

Mr. Gustave Peyser and Mr. H. C. Hopkins have made an inventory of this stock, and the fixtures, and they have valued it at \$4021.30. The valuation placed upon this stock by these two gentlemen represents the present value and not the cost value.

This inventory or appraisal may be seen at any time at my office by prospective purchasers.

Prospective purchasers may examine the stock at any time by applying at my office and asking for Mr. Harding. I will receive percentage bids on the inventory value at my office, No. 11, Pleasant Street, Portsmouth, N. H., on or before Friday, February 2nd, at twelve o'clock. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

If the purchaser of the stock desires a lease of the building, he must make his own arrangements with the owners' agents.

John W. Kelley, Assignee of  
M. W. Goodman & Co.

## ROUND TRIP

TICKETS

to the

## PACIFIC COAST.

Luxurious Palace  
Sleeping Cars and  
the New Improved  
Tourist Sleeping  
Cars.

Expert Travelling  
Passenger Agents  
employed to give  
details and estimate  
rates for any tour  
combination  
selected.

CANADIAN  
PACIFIC RY.  
Through car lines  
to Chicago, St. Louis,  
St. Paul, and Pacific  
Coast.  
Write H. J. COLVIN  
302 Washington St.,  
Boston.